JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1897

3D EVERY THURSDAY

ONE PUNCH: ONE PURPOSE by A. G. G.

AIR RAIDS! LLOYD'S POLICY FREE FOR EVERY READER

STAND BY OUR SEAMEN by the EDITOR

"Just as nice as the most delicious jam"

VIMALTOL

(VI-MALT-OL)

A DELICIOUS, CONCENTRATED, ECONOMICAL VITAMIN FOOD

Extra Protection

to help him Face the Winter

YOUR child is depending on you to bring him safely through the difficult months ahead. With a little care and forethought you can keep him just as sturdy and strong, bright-eyed and vigorous, as you could wish.

One important thing to remember is that all children need an adequate supply of protective nourishment at this time. For this purpose you will find 'Vimaltol' a great help. This concentrated vitamin food provides protective nourishment in a delicious form which is irresistible to children.

By giving your child 'Vimaltol' every day you provide him with extra protection against coughs, colds and other winter ailments. At the same time 'Vimaltol' builds up strength and weight and creates reserves of energy and vitality.

'Vimaltol' is a product of the highest quality which conforms to present-day scientific principles. It is very economical in use.

In two sizes: 2/10 *and* 5/2

V113

Here's a food that's

STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE 5-STAR

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

"Your shoes look smart this morning Dad—hope you haven't been too extravagant with the Boot Polish. We've got to make it last twice as long now."

"I know that my dear—these shoes had a good polish yesterday so I just brushed them up this morning. Cherry Blossom Boot Polish gives such a lasting shine."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Supplies are restricted by Limitation of Supplies Order

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD.
LONDON, W.4 CB/XL

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN

AGED 17½-50 WANTED

TO BECOME COOKS

IN THE ATS AND WAAF

As the climax of the war approaches, every fit man is needed in the fighting line. There are thousands of men cooks in the Forces. Women are asked to take over their work, now.

Experience is not needed. You'll have three to six weeks' general training, then a cookery course to give you experience in cooking for large numbers. Pay for unskilled work starts at 2/- a day and all found, and is increased when you pass your test.

There's not a wife or mother who doesn't feel it part of her life's work to feed her man right. And there's not a man who wouldn't admit that his health, his good temper and his courage depend on the food he gets. That's why cooking for the forces is a key job!

Every woman who is not doing vital work is needed now in the Services to release men for the offensive.

Go to a Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange at once. *They* will find out whether you can be spared from your present work. If you cannot go at once, send in the coupon. But remember, time is short.

If you were born between January 1918 and July 1922, you may now be accepted for the ATS or WAAF, but go to the Employment Exchange in the first instance.

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 GW. 1.

Please send me full information about the training and service as a cook in the

☐ *ATS* ☐ *WAAF* ☐ *BOTH* *Tick which you want*

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"*

Address .....

County ..... *Date of Birth* *In confidence* .....

Whiskers can't take it from the
OLIVE OIL SHAVE
PALMOLIVE
shaving cream
WARTIME PACK ALWAYS REPLACE
Multiplies itself 250 times in creamy, strong-bubble lather that lasts at least 10 minutes; softens the beard in one minute; holds bristles erect for shaving. Still contains its generous pre-war quantity of skin-soothing olive oil.
But—all glycerine is now needed for munitions. So there's none in Palmolive Shaving Cream and it may dry up unless you
KEEP LID FIRMLY CLOSED
1/6 & 2/6 Inc. Tax

I thought— why not try PHOSFERINE

writes Mrs. B.

"At last I have found something to 'pull me together.' After an operation I felt that nothing would make me feel as I did before. Every trifle worried me ... I thought why not try Phosferine! After taking Phosferine life looks good again, and I must say thank you for helping me to regain my old self,"
(Sgd.) Mrs. B.,
Bexley Heath.

People constantly express astonishment at the way Phosferine restores strength and a cheerful outlook. The only reply is that Phosferine is a really great tonic—and it acts like one. Get some to-day.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

(Tablets or Liquid)

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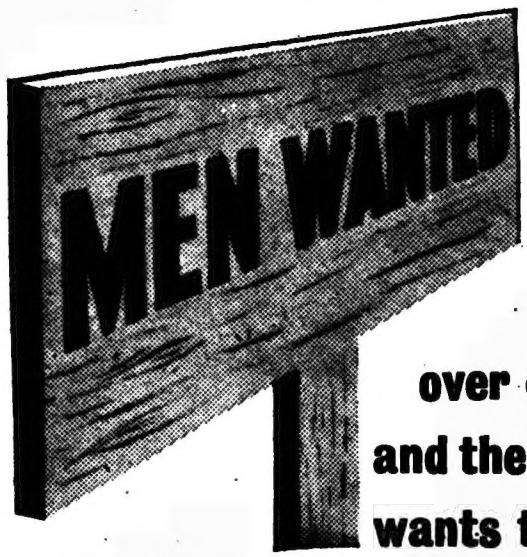

over 42 ... and the RAF wants them!

Men over 42 are needed *urgently* for many ground trades which play a vital part in our air offensive. Choose *your* trade from the list below—and volunteer at the R.A.F. Section of the nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange). If you cannot call, post the coupon below for full details (unsealed envelope 1d. stamp).

GROUND TRADES AVAILABLE

Experience not required
FLIGHT MECHANICS
AIRCRAFTHANDS
ARMOURERS
CLERKS
EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS
SHOE REPAIRERS
COOKS

Experience required
ACCOUNTING CLERKS
BARBERS
DRIVERS (MOTOR TRANSPORT)
Need not hold driving licence.
MOTOR TRANSPORT MECHANICS
MEDICAL ORDERLIES with some form of training in medical or ambulance work. (Ages 42–45 for untrained men.)

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send me information regarding R.A.F. trades for men over 42.

NAME .....

ADDRESS

G 314/24/10

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 24, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

CITY BOOM

● **Millions of pounds—tax free—are falling each week into the capacious and rapacious fists of Stock Exchange speculators.**

Most industrial shares have been pushed up and are now well above the pre-war level.

So much so that shares which couldn't be sold a few months ago at even a few pence are now fetching two, three, five shillings each.

The more stable shares have been similarly treated. Many of them have risen by 50 per cent. since August.

Great play is always made of favourable war news. Any improvement of the United Nations' military position means bigger profits for the Exchange gamblers.

The resistance of the Stalingrad defenders has put millions of pounds into the pockets of British speculators.

And stock market profits are free from all taxes. No income tax. No surtax. No Excess Profits Duty.

Sir Kingsley Wood could quickly stop this scandal. Tax all the profits 100 per cent. and the job would be done. But he obstinately refuses to do so.

So less money is available for his war loans. And a lot of wealthy City men are allowed to live in super-luxury.

Why?

Straight from the Shoulder

TIME TO ACT

WE must attack. Not much longer should we delay.

Attack—while the bulk of the German army is sprawled across the muddy steppes of Russia.

Attack—before it can be brought back to re-arm and re-form during the winter.

Attack—before the coasts of Europe are fortified against us, before Rommel can get all the supplies he wants, before life in the conquered lands is made intolerable.

Smuts Speaks

General Smuts is right. He is old in wisdom as in years—a shrewd statesman, a great strategist, and as bold a fighter as any young man.

He says, simply, that our war effort must be switched over from the defensive to the offensive.

His presence in London cannot fail to have important results.

Roosevelt's Promise

We know that "many major decisions of strategy" have already been made. President Roosevelt has said so.

He has promised new offensives against Germany and Japan to divert the enemy forces from Russia and China.

When and Where!

The President's fireside chat, the General's reasoned statement, have told the enemy nothing he did not know. For a long time now, our ceaseless reconnaissance on several sectors of the World Front have inevitably warned him that big things are afoot.

But *when* and *where* the attack will come are secrets for which he would give a king's ransom.

On the Defensive

When? We want it to be launched at the earliest possible moment. The enemy would like it to be delayed until next Spring.

Hitler needs time to extricate his mauled legions from the scorched wilderness of the Russian battle zone. He needs time to prepare for that barren disillusionment which is all he can now offer his people—a defensive war.

He has begun to fortify the inland towns of France. But he needs time to complete the defences.

Our Opportunity

His need is our opportunity.

We must not only strike hard. We must strike soon.

We must make such an effort that will leave him aghast. An effort greater than the after-Dunkirk spurt. An all-out effort to enable us to strike at the earliest possible moment.

Bombing Season

Where shall we attack? First and foremost, obviously, at Germany itself.

The bombing season has begun. And the prospect for the enemy is bad.

Nearly a year ago, the R.A.F. reached parity in numbers with the *Luftwaffe*. It is stronger now.

Heavy Loads

Already the bomb loads of its Lancasters, Stirlings and Halifaxes have set a new level of concentrated attack. Bigger attacks are yet to come.

The R.A.F. will and must smash Germany's arm centres this winter. The growing squadrons of the Americans' astonishing Liberators and Fortresses can continue the devastation by day.

Threefold Thrust

But that will not be enough. All our forces—land, sea and air—must go into action.

The time has come for us to exert our full power, to use the terrific resources we have been piling up these two years and more, to "prevent the war from dragging on endlessly."

Dominant

There are places enough where an attack now would offer us chance of splendid success. Some near, some far from our own shores.

The enemy, it is clear from his radio and Press reports, expects General Alexander to begin an attack in the Middle East.

More and more, as Smuts has said, Africa is emerging as a dominant feature in our war strategy.

Why It Matters

It has become all the more essential to clear the Mediterranean. For U-boats are now preying on our shipping off the Cape and W. Africa.

The Cape route was always a regrettable necessity because of its length and time.

It strained our shipping resources to the uttermost. Now it threatens to increase our losses.

Italy Exposed

We must strive to reopen the direct route through the Mediterranean. To sweep Rommel out of Egypt and Libya. To expose Italy and the Balkans to direct attack!

Let this be done and the war will be immensely shortened.

Missing Link

But one thing is missing from our highest councils of war—a Supreme War Council!

When Smuts came here in 1917 to discuss strategy, such a council existed. Not even its ghost appears to-day.

There are occasional conferences between the United Nations' leaders. But occasional conferences are no substitute for continual agreement and co-ordination.

A.G.G. Agrees

JOHN BULL is glad to receive the powerful support of A. G. Gardiner (on page 8 of this issue) for our policy of a united strategy.

Without a united strategy in military affairs, in production and in propaganda, how can the efforts of the United Nations be synchronised?

Without a united strategy for peace, might not victory be wasted?

Advance Planning

The victory of Peace, as A. G. G. declares, will depend as much on the loyal co-operation of the United Nations as the victory of War does to-day.

It is a victory that must be planned in advance.

Listen again to Gen. Smuts: "With the coming of the offensive stage, our thoughts should also begin to turn to the end, and to the conditions which may follow the end of this greatest tragedy in the history of our race."

Muddling Through!

Well, what are the plans? Where are they? How will they be put into effect?

No one knows.

Our leaders refer vaguely to plans. They do not produce them. Do they still hope just to "muddle through"?

Ideas as Bombs

They cannot realise, it seems, that their blindness makes the world uneasy.

They cannot have read the verdict of a distinguished Turkish editor who has been visiting Britain:

"I have found your war effort an inspiration to perfect confidence, but not so your preparations for peace.

"Ideas can be as deadly as bombs; sincerity and good faith as telling as conquests."

Telling the World

Ideas as deadly as bombs! Never were they more necessary. But our leaders offer none to a world that longs for a better order than Hitler's New Order of slavery.

Sincerity! None can impugn our sincerity. But it would win us new allies—even in the enemy lands—if we proved our sincerity by beginning the reforms now.

Why Wait!

It is stupid to murmur, "Let's win the war first."

We cannot win the war without ideas. We cannot have peace without planning.

We have got to be ready for peace. We were caught napping last time—and chaos resulted. This time we must have order if the peace is to be made permanent and if prosperity is to be achieved.

Worth While

So there must be real international co-operation. An extension of Lease-Lend so that nation will help nation in peace as in war. A real plan for a New World that will eclipse Hitler's New Order!

***This* should be the impetus behind the great offensive the United Nations must launch!**

(Continued overleaf)

"WE MAY HAVE RAIDS TO MAKE 1941 LOOK LIKE PICNICS."
—*Sir Ernest Gowers, Senior London Regional Commissioner*

FOR EVERY READER

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

IT is silly for the Ministry of Labour to pretend, as it does, that our war production is nearing peak.

Some munition firms could increase output by 50 per cent. tomorrow if they were given the staff.

And there are plenty of people both able and anxious to fill the jobs.

Child Problem

Listen to the manager of a big London firm on hush-hush work.

"I am being pressed to increase output," he says. "And I could do it, given one-tenth of the married women anxious to work for me.

"But there's only one day nursery in this busy industrial district, and it is refusing children daily."

What We Found

We made our own inquiries: found this nursery would only take one child from each mother.

It refused altogether the children of would-be part-time workers.

Yet would-be part-time workers, available in thousands, would enable that particular firm to go into full production.

Mothers v. Hitler

Four miles away, in a less industrial district, is a day nursery that set out to take as many children as a mother cared to leave.

But it has a waiting-list of fifty mothers now.

What is true of those two districts is true of hundreds.

The Ministry of Health and many local authorities which should be opening these nurseries don't seem to realise what a hearty smack the mothers of Britain could give Hitler—if they had the chance.

National Charing

And we have ample evidence that Employment Exchanges are sending willing workers to jobs which have nothing to do with the war effort.

From one town the allegation reaches us that the "work of national importance" to which a healthy woman of forty has been sent consists of washing clothes for a locally resident peer of the Realm.

We've got names, Mr. Bevin. Would you like to investigate?

Fittest Go Last

Here's something else that might be inquired into at the same time.

We are informed that, faced with staff reductions, a firm has sacked men already discharged from Army and National Fire Service as unfit, is hanging on to younger, fitter men not one whit better as workmen.

Unreachable Summit

This country is, indeed, far, far from reaching the peak of its war production.

Too often when older people say goodbye to their younger colleagues, it is the youngsters who stay behind on non-war work.

The Ministry of Labour has a long way to go before it makes full use of the man- and woman-power over which it has control.

Those Sales

In yet another way we are frittering away national resources.

Firms stocked up with goods for which there is no local demand whatsoever have no means of sending them to districts where they might be badly required.

So they sell them off at knock-out prices—to people who don't really want them.

Rubber That Rots

No commodity of great importance to the war effort is scarcer than rubber.

That's why you have to have a permit to buy rubber Wellingtons.

Yet a shopkeeper who has two hundred pairs for which there is no local demand has to watch them slowly deteriorating—as rubber articles always will.

Back to London

But here's the craziest news we can offer you this week:

Within a few days of your reading these lines the pupils of a big school for deaf and dumb children, evacuated to the peace of the countryside during the blitz, will be returning to London.

We won't tell you which part of London, for obvious reasons.

But if it isn't a target area, then there's no such thing.

Deaf, But Seeing

It may prove true, as Mr. Churchill suggests, that London will never again know the ordeal of ninety consecutive days and nights of terror bombing.

But can you imagine the plight of those little mites in any raid—unable to hear warnings or anything else, but all the more frightened by the flashes on that account?

And, as yet, there are no shelters of any kind within the school precincts!

It Sounded Bad

Meanwhile a gipsy colony is thinking hard things about the Chatham Council, according to information which reached us.

Official eviction forces arrived and are said to have wrecked the little caravan homes—even that of a serving soldier.

Which sounded barbaric—until we investigated.

Explanation

We found that the little camp had to be moved because sanitation was endangering the public water supply.

The caravans having stood unmoved for seventeen years, the wheels collapsed when the police attempted to tow the vehicles to the road.

All eviction stopped when the full problem was realised.

And we hope soon to hear that the authorities have found the little colony another site and helped the damaged caravans to reach it.

Now, Mr. Brown!

Far bigger the problem of our many thousands of sufferers from tuberculosis.

In some places there is said to be a three months' waiting list for available beds.

This delay endangers the patients and the community as a whole.

And the solution is—proper staffing.

Must Be Got!

It is estimated that a thousand more nurses and nine hundred additional domestic workers are needed if the disease is to be held in check.

That being so, they must be got—even if it means directing women into this essential service.

But that, in our view, would not arise if hospital workers were given the pay and conditions to which they are well entitled.

Other Problems

Matrons of general hospitals, usually the most taciturn of women, have been giving interviews to their local newspapers stressing that unless staff can be got, whole wards will have to close.

Some hospitals are finding it impossible to prepare and serve proper meals.

Add to that the grave difficulties caused by the shortage of doctors, and it becomes obvious how blind the authorities are to the needs of health.

Spurned

Yet all sorts of obstacles are being put in the way of clever young women medical students anxious to qualify as doctors.

Only three of London's thirteen big hospitals will take women as students. The provincial record is bad, too.

On top of which many women who have taken their pre-clinical course have to finish their training in distant towns, or seek other work.

Queer Leaflet

Seek other work! How dreadful that sounds when you think how great the need is for doctors.

You know that there *is* a shortage of doctors, of course?

If you have read the leaflet sent to us recently by the National Men's Defence League—it is headed "The Feminine Invasion"—you might think otherwise.

Do You Believe It!

It asserts that "as a result of the influx of women into the medical profession it has reached saturation point," continuing:

"This incursion has become a real menace not only to the livelihood of the men doctors, but also to the high standard of efficiency of the medical profession."

Just plain drivel.

More men doctors—and women—will be wanted in the national health service which we envisage.

Family Affair

The day after we described how girls anxious to join the W.R.N.S. were being told by Employment Exchanges: "You've got no chance unless you have a relative in the Navy," an official statement said this had been happening as a result of a misunderstanding.

Who misunderstood? Not the Ministry of Labour!

For we sent a girl to the W.R.N.S. own central office, where she was told at once: "Have you a relative in the Navy? No? Sorry!"

Here's Evidence

Then the Ministry of War Transport says it will probe the allegation that ships' cargoes are marked as such while travelling on the railways.

We have a label used on hundreds of such cargoes.

It says in brilliant green: "URGENT SHIPMENT TRAFFIC—War Department," could be read by any spy without short sight at thirty yards.

The Ministry needn't inquire deeply. Let it ask for Army Form W5179—the label in question.

And Here's Spirit

"I write to-night in a depressed frame of mind," begins a letter from a reader who is a qualified pharmacist. There follow pages of gloom.

All because the one thing standing in the way of his becoming a Fleet Air Arm pilot is a slight deformity in his little toe, due to football.

If the Fleet Air Arm cares to read that letter, which tells of various remedial exercises he has tried, it will put a Mighty Big Spirit before a little toe.

On the Rack

And would the Land Army care to give another chance to a Liverpool girl?

She went to join, was greeted with a cheerful: "Oh, what a pity! Just an inch too short!" And that was that.

No questions. No measuring. And now she's stretching herself to breaking point to get that extra inch.

Behind the News

● **Many Nazi troops who spent last winter in Russia grow restive at first bite of cruel weather, do not believe assurances that clothing and winter quarters will be adequate this time.**

● *Germany's limbless ex-soldiers are depressing home-front morale. Many are not allowed to return to home towns, live as virtual exiles in occupied countries.*

● Rommel, seeking priority of supplies, has warned Hitler that unless he gets men and material the expected Allied offensive in Libya may result in decisive Axis defeat. Chief of Staff Keitel can't make necessary concessions.

● **Goering challenged us to prove stories of his foreign hoardings. Allied broadcasts since have given details of securities, agents' names, dates and places to total of £3,500,000. Result: sensation in Germany.**

● *Although Nazis offer big rewards in occupied countries for betrayal of Allied airmen making forced landings, no rewards have been claimed.*

● Another Nazi infiltration trick was request to Madrid for seaside accommodation for convalescing German wounded. Spanish reply has been a blunt "No!" except for permanent cripples.

● **S.A. Nazi Brownshirts, a force consisting of criminals and outlaws, are coming back into their own. Shortage of man-power compels the Nazi High Command to use them in the fighting zone.**

● New Nazi fighter 'planes, result of many years' research work, have been disappointing to *Luftwaffe* experts. Their speed and altitude have been achieved at sacrifice of firing power.

● **Over more than half of Italy no meat has been issued for four months, bread is now limited to six ounces daily. To prevent truth of food riots reaching the rest of the country hundreds of secret arrests and deportations to Germany have taken place.**

STAND BY OUR SEAMEN

WERE it not for the merchant seamen's staunch devotion to duty, the United Nations could not hope to win the war.

Churchill and other Government spokesmen remind us again and again that the ceaseless battle of the high seas is of decisive importance to our cause.

It is a relentless struggle, and, though it is now turning slowly in our favour, there will be no respite for the Merchant Navy until the enemy capitulates.

The men who run the gauntlet of submarines and bombers do not ask for respite. No British crew has ever objected to any war voyage because of danger.

Indeed, the spirit of the Merchant Navy is cheerful as well as indomitable. There is no grumbling at any risk or hardship in line of duty.

It is the more important on this account that we should treat our seamen not only with justice, but with liberality. We must see that they suffer no needless hardship now and make certain of their continued welfare after the war is won.

Conditions of pay, service and pension have been improved considerably.

But some seamen discharged sick at British ports are still left to depend on National Health Insurance and Public Assistance!

One of our readers, captain's steward on a merchantman, fell ill on a recent voyage with neurasthenia. His nerves had probably been shattered in the course of war service.

It was intended to discharge him for hospital treatment at Cape Town, in which event his pay and his allotment to his wife would have been continued by the company for three months and his treatment would have been free of cost.

Instead, his ship proceeded to a home port. He was discharged and granted nine months' sick leave—without pay!

Why this grotesque difference merely because a seaman happens to fall sick at a home port?

This unfortunate man has a wife and child to support, and he was told that he was free to take a shore job until he was fit to sign on with another ship.

He says he cannot receive unemployment benefit because he is unfit to take a job.

Neither can he obtain National Health benefit while the Ministry of Pensions, pondering on his application for a pension, is deciding whether his disability is the direct result of war.

Such cases are by no means unusual. It was reported in the Press only a few weeks ago that Alan Bennett—a Malta Convoy lad, aged sixteen—had been discharged on three months' sick leave, suffering from "convoy nerves." He, too, was advised to find a job ashore.

But his pay ceased automatically, and all he could fall back upon was 18s. a week National Health benefit.

"For years," Charles Jarman, General Secretary of the Seaman's Union, has declared, "we have been trying to get admitted the principle that a seaman who is sick or in need of a rest should not be thrown back solely on National Health Insurance and Public Assistance."

Recently the King George's Fund for sailors contributed £50,000 to finance rest homes for seamen suffering from convoy nerves.

That's a good move, but no public charity, however admirable its efforts, can establish a principle of this kind.

In time of war the merchant seaman is a fighting man and deserves to be treated as such.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By the Editor

Indeed, the Government has so far recognised his fighting status as to grant him pensions at Navy rate.

Logically, therefore, but above all in common justice and honest national gratitude, the Government should decide immediately to stand by the merchant seamen in sickness as well as health—both abroad **and at home.**

The granting of pensions at Navy rate was a step in the right direction, but when the Mercantile Marine Pensions Bill was discussed in the House of Lords last June it was immediately obvious that it was full of legalistic quibbles.

In reply to a direct question on tuberculosis caused by war conditions, Lord Simon asserted that pensions would be granted.

But what are war conditions? We contend that any physical injury or disease arising out of war service—whether caused by direct enemy action or not—should be pensionable.

Lord Chatfield and other peers strongly supported the same contention, and eventually the Bill went back for amendment.

We want to see it placed on the Statute Book soon and worded, in terms which any seaman can understand, to make it plain that a pension will be guaranteed to him for any disability caused through service.

It is also high time to re-examine the position of merchant seamen and—for that matter—all other Service men who have to be discharged suffering from some complaint not caused, but greatly aggravated, by their war service.

We know of a seaman who spent many hours in an open boat after his ship was torpedoed, and who was eventually discharged, looking like the wreck of his former self. His own doctor was shocked by the change in him.

This man's trouble was acute bronchitis, but he had suffered previously from this complaint, and therefore forfeited his right to pension!

Now it is clear that any man accepted for duty in the Merchant Navy or the Services must be regarded as fit when he signs on, and it should therefore be the Government's responsibility, unless there has been deliberate concealment, to pension him off if he afterwards falls a chronic victim even to an old complaint.

Let the Government accept that as a fact and put an end to all quibbling and pension cheeseparing.

Many public men have paid tribute to the Merchant Service and handsomely general promises are being made that seamen need have no fear of being left workless after this war as so many of them were after the last one.

AGAIN, we do not doubt the Government's good intentions or the country's present gratitude, but we should like to see both reinforced by definite planning now, and, if possible, a specific pledge that the plans will be put into effect.

Conditions on new ships have been greatly improved, but it is also true that many old ships have been pressed into service, and that in some of these the accommodation is deplorable. The men make no complaint of war's necessities.

All that we urge on their behalf is that they should not be called upon to endure a single avoidable hardship, and that the Government should be constantly on guard against slackness, neglect or sheer meanness on the part of owners.

The merchant seamen grudge nothing, not even their lives, to the country's service, and the country must be ungrudging in its recognition of their devotion.

I'm Ashamed of My War Job!

Says a Temporary Civil Servant

We tell Mr. Bevin on page 6 that he is making dangerous inroads on our essential workers in his search for men for the Forces. And a JOHN BULL reader in this article informs him where the men he wants can, and should, be found

I WORK—excuse the word—in a big Government factory.

Although I regard myself as wasted to the war effort, you mustn't blame me.

I was directed to the job by the Ministry of Labour, to become one of a large number of temporary Civil Servants with little or nothing to do.

I draw my £6 on pay days with some sense of shame, realising that a private firm wouldn't pay 35s. for the work I am permitted to do.

And now, because the Government threatens a new comb-out of war factories for the Services, I make a personal appeal to Mr. Bevin.

My plea is: "Don't. Don't take one more man from an essential trade until you have taken a good look at such organisations as this."

What would he find?

★ ★ ★

This factory could hand over hundreds of young, physically fit Civil Servants, and not miss one.

As to the Civil Service as a whole, somebody more expert than I should compute how many good Army divisions have been hidden away.

From my particular factory many good Government officials joined the Services in the early days. And not always the youngest or fittest.

You would think the men left behind would regard it a duty to work harder than ever before.

They have decided no such thing.

They have seen to it that the Service is so augmented with men like myself that there is less work for them—and more importance.

Some are conscientious objectors. That is no sneer at men prepared to suffer for their conscience's sake, for these men do not suffer.

They sit tight in executive and supervisory jobs.

As to the remainder, a year ago the reservation age for Civil Servants was raised from thirty to thirty-five.

Many in my factory were medically examined.

Not one, to date, has gone into uniform—not even the Grade I men.

"Temporaries," forced into the job, pine to give real service.

But many more are of military age, have been "worked" in by permanent men who are themselves of military age.

★ ★ ★

I have colleagues round me earning £5 12s. 6d. a week plus up to £20 a month for overtime (over forty-seven hours a week).

There's no need for overtime. What we do could be crammed into two honest hours.

Card games and shove-ha'penny are paid for as overtime: reading and sleeping on the night shift.

I say of thousands of these people: They've either *got* in by influence or get their *friends* in by influence.

A good Civil Servant is a national asset.

But these are grave liabilities, and will remain such until National Service officers swoop on the Departments.

But they mustn't listen to private talk on indispensability. Too often it's wire-pulling.

Let every man jack of us be judged as the millions already serving were judged.

Line the Artful Dodgers up in their proper battalions.

There'll be no need, then, to imperil war industry to get men.

OPEN

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—So the edict has gone forth: "More workers of every kind must be called up for the Army!"

More from the farms. More from aircraft production. More from munitions.

But I hope you'll leave enough of them behind to see that our fighting men get the weapons to fight with and the food to sustain them.

Frankly, I think we are reaching danger-point in the mobilisation scheme. I fear that, unless a halt is called, war production will not expand but shrink.

Farmers have done a magnificent job and are asked to do still better. How can they—now that more of their younger and stronger men are to be clapped into khaki?

The railways have broken all records. They are running 1,000 extra trains a day for industrial workers. They operate thousands of "specials" every month to bring troops and supplies from the ports. They will have to cope with a further 250 trains each day this winter

They cannot do so if thousands more of their skilled men are taken away.

And, for all the splendid achievements of new women workers, there are key-jobs in the factories that cannot quickly be learned by newcomers.

See what has happened in the coal-mines because so many miners were snatched by the Army!

So, if you must call up more industrial workers, insist that their skill shall not be wasted in the Forces. Better still, leave the key-men in industry and on the farms!

But comb out the fit young men from soft office jobs in Government Departments!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. C. JOHNSON, Chief Constable of Birmingham

DEAR CHIEF,—It would be the wickedest injustice and most costly folly to force unfit men to do fire-watching.

With that reservation, I can heartily agree with your candid criticism of some men who have obtained exemption on medical grounds; men who are no more unfit than anyone else.

I know of one. He is a local councillor. Perhaps he felt that fire-watching was beneath a councillor's dignity, for after a few weeks of duty he complained of a minor physical defect.

He obtained exemption all right—even though exemption has been denied to some men suffering from heart disease, asthma and the like.

The standard of medical fitness required for fire-watching seems, indeed, to vary fantastically. In some places, unfit men are compelled to serve. In others, the fit are still free from duty.

The Government, after an exhibition of childish ill-temper and intolerance of criticism, has none the less been persuaded by public objections to vary the "fire-watch for women" Order, and promise to round up the men dodgers.

But it should find the real dodgers, not the really unfit.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—"There will be no profiteering in this war." Do you remember that official pledge? I can assure you that the public remembers it with a wry smile.

Let me call your attention to the terrific rise in clothing prices.

Women's shoes have risen from a guinea to 49s. 6d. Good costumes cost from twelve guineas upwards. Knitted jumpers are priced from two to five guineas.

Men's suits range from £11 upwards. The price of shoes has mounted accordingly. A military overcoat costs round about £15.

So with household goods. A kitchen towel, 6d. before the war, is now priced at 3s The cost of sheets and blankets is alarming.

Such increases cannot be justified. There is every evidence that the public is being deliberately and grossly exploited.

It is no answer to say that the public should buy Utility goods. Frankly, the Utility goods just aren't good enough.

Rather than waste coupons on materials that will not wear well, shoppers prefer to buy better-quality goods—and are fleeced for doing so.

Tell your inspectors to make a few investigations!—JOHN BULL.

LETTERS

Sir EDWIN LUTYENS, President of the Royal Academy

DEAR SIR EDWIN,—Seven million people should call on you at the Royal Academy. The whole population of London, in fact, should inspect the designs for a rebuilt London which you and your colleagues have devised.

I don't agree with them all. But I wish they could be shown throughout Britain.

Not merely because London is the capital, and that therefore its historic treasures—the Tower, the Abbey, St. Paul's, St. James' Palace, and the rest—are of interest to every town and village in the land.

But also because your provocative and often beautiful designs for a transformed London should prompt similar daring in every town ravaged by Goering's gangsters.

And, finally, because the Government has been shockingly slow in preparing the rebuilding of Britain, and I have a faint suspicion that your enterprise may shame it into belated action!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM MABANE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—It was cheery of you to announce that the oranges not required for babies could be sold to older children and adults. But the end of the story is less pleasant.

One family tried to buy a pound for the children aged six and seven. They travelled from one suburb to another; they went to three towns by train and to another place by 'bus.

No oranges.

They met other people on the same quest, and all had been unlucky. The "older children" just had to go short.

But I know that the oranges were in many shops all right. At the back of the counter. Reserved for "good customers"—who probably had no children.

Your Ministry is above reproach in the matter, of course, though the scheme seems to have unwittingly put an extra strain on passenger transport services.

And you might be interested to hear that much the same sad story could be told of onions and other "greengroceries" in short supply.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman SAM DAY, Bath City Council

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Your gust of common-sense is as refreshing as a cool breeze. I, like you, am appalled by the suggestion that children should be encouraged to "snoop in the home."

As a magistrate, you know that children are not easy to manage now because of the absence of one or both parents and other war conditions.

Undoubtedly, there'd be further trouble if youngsters were "fuel-watchers" in each home—and thereby thought they could rule the roost.

I don't suppose Commander King-Hall, M.P., visualised such an objection when he offered the suggestion. He probably forgot the general hatred of even the palest imitation of the German system, whereby children are invited to spy upon their parents.

He was no more fortunate in his earlier suggestion that reasonably economical folk need save "only 40 per cent."—which would mean that poor people would have to sit in a fireless room for most of the day.

Perhaps your public protest will teach him discretion.—JOHN BULL.

Christian Soldiers

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

"NO one ever reads the Bible." The speaker was a newspaper man who ought to have known better. Because it was stated recently that the sales of the world's greatest book are increasing.

And a big proportion of the readers are men and women in the Services.

From U.S.A., too, come reports that more and more American soldiers are turning to the Bible for spiritual guidance and consolation.

For instance, there's Harold Van Every, before the war a famous baseball player and now in the U.S. air corps.

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"Things are going well," he said in a letter, "and I know that the reading of the Bible has accounted for a lot of my success.

"I have put more faith in it than ever, and I know it's a great help. I have also started other boys reading it. Before their final checks I saw many of them getting set just that way.

"You know, when you're flying you realise there's some other force working to keep us going. And it's that conviction that makes our job that much easier."

They'd probably laugh if you called them Christian soldiers. But they are Christian. They have girded themselves for the greatest battle in history.

On them depends whether the world is plunged into barbaric darkness for hundreds of years or wins through to the brightness of a new and happier era.

The Bible has lessons to teach them. They, like the Man of Sorrows, are prepared to sacrifice all so that the evil shadows of persecution and misery and pain and anguish are swept away.

Centuries old the Bible may be. But in its ancient writings are many things apposite today. In the sufferings of Israel one may find many parallels in occupied Europe.

The Bible's stories of miraculous deliverance are multiplied in this vicious war a hundredfold. Men on land and sea are daily snatched from death by a Power other than their own.

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Man in his hour of travail, in time of doubt, in days of darkness, turns, as though driven by an invisible Force, to the things of the spirit.

The Bible gives consolation in full measure. It strengthens the weak, reassures the doubting, and comforts the suffering.

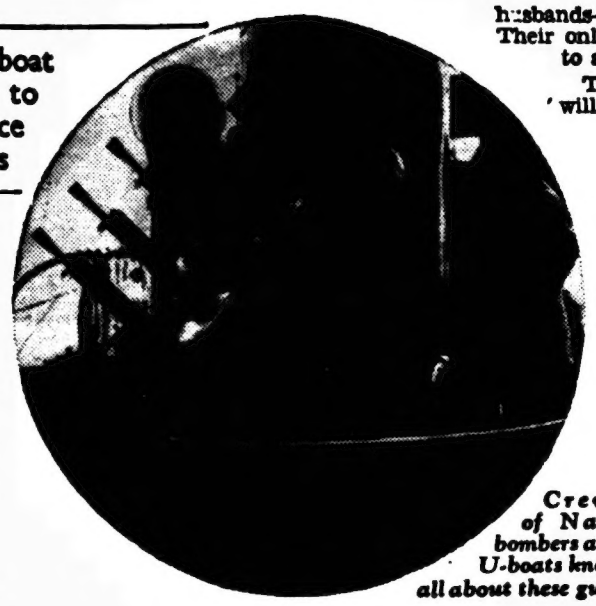
And when men are enduring and toiling and dying so that the lamps of love and freedom shall continue to shine, then men of good intent are inspired by the grand yet simple beauty of the Book.

Through war and famine, pestilence and revolution; through blood-drenched centuries and through ages of injustice the Bible has prevailed.

It has a new meaning for the Christian Soldiers of today. And it will help them, too, to prevail.

★ JOHN CASHEL takes you among the U-boat hunters, those lively little corvettes that sprung to life in the tense days after Dunkirk and have since become the mightiest defence of our convoys

Flora is Giving 'em a Good Hiding!



Crews of Nazi bombers and U-boats know all about these guns

'TWAS in Convoy Port I met her, all decked up alongside her girl friends, in the latest of her many coats of gaily seductive paint with which she hopes to tempt her prey.

She is a flirt . . . with death—a killer, the last thing in Corvettes, U-boat Hunters No. 1.

I expected to meet a sleek young thing, streamlined as a speed-boat. Surprisingly, she's big for a little'un; and buxom as the whaler who was her mother and, like her, fit to roll in any sea.

Does she roll? Ask the crew of nearly a hundred who put up with her tantrums!

And is she hot? Ask the U-boat and the Focke-Wulf bomber who've been on speaking terms with her.

That's *Flora*, as I'll call her.

Soon she'll be off on another U-boat hunt for long months at a stretch. Which is why you should know her, for her glory is not measured by those high-spots when she hits a Hun, but by those ordinary, tiresomely monotonous and uneventfully hazardous missions that see another convoy through or another patrol ended.

Greatest moment for *Flora* was when, for eighteen hours, she depth-charged a U-boat, probably a time-record for continuous attack.

She was on an Atlantic run when she received the signal from the senior escort ship to detach herself from the convoy and hunt the Hun.

Her Asdic apparatus told her just where he prowled, then lay, as hour after hour she depth-charged him while the convoy sailed on.

Overboard she tossed and tossed her charges, not in ones, but in salvoes. It was for her thunder underfoot instead of overhead. For the Hun it was hell.

Then, by unforeseeable misfortune, she sprung a worry of her own.

Hurried Repairs

Her steering gear was damaged, but hurriedly the chief engineer rigged up repairs with any makeshift bit of metal and wiring he could lay hands on, and he coaxed another knot and a half out of the engines.

And she was a thousand miles from her home base, the convoy was far ahead, darkness had come on.

But she hung on.

Twice the U-boat started up engines in a desperate effort to escape *Flora's* claws.

She kept running over and over him to let him know she was there. By this time her charges had run low, so she dropped one now and again to worry him and keep him down.

Woman-like, she couldn't resist taunting him—speaking to him in German, asking him when he was coming up to fight it out!

Finally, not a murmur from him for hours. She knew he had been forced very far down, was probably out of control, and she believed he was sunk.

But, wisely conservative in its record of "kills," the Admiralty allows no claim unless indisputable wreckage is found, except, of course, when it receives evidence of loss from other sources later on.

Flora, having done her damnedest, now set course for the convoy, knowing its zigzag route, and, taking a short cut, slowly catching up.

One more chapter in her hunter's life was over. One more glorious thrill to relieve the monotony of always hazardous routine in any waters and conditions from Murmansk to Uncle Sam's western shores, from Britain to Gib. and the blue Mediterranean beyond.

One time she is a-roll in icy seas off Iceland, pitching mightily, swinging over on her beams. This at night with men unable to see one another through sea and spray.

Lives at stake, mere commonplace incident of a rough trip! Tough life, with its amusing side, as is illustrated by the true story of a merchant captain another Corvette rescued from a raft on which he had passed a perilous time after his ship had been torpedoed.

For two days he suffered its tummy-turning roll. Then he said, "Put me back on that raft!"

Any-Weather Ship

And there's the tribute story, with a surprise ending, of a Corvette that hunted a U-boat so skilfully with a cruiser in far Northern waters that the cruiser commander signalled his congratulations.

The answer he got from the British signallers aboard was that it was manned and fought by Free Norwegians!

Flora's commander, a flaxen-haired lieutenant who gave up a partnership in the oil business to knock the oil out of U-boats, pulled out from the wardrobe in his cabin varied evidence of the Odyssey in his any-seas, any-weather ship.

A fawn overall padded as warmly as a quilt. "That's for cold spots where we get as much as fifty degrees of frost."

An old, holey, brine-stained naval jacket. "That's been twice in the sea—with me in it."

I glanced at the photograph of the pretty girl and two bonny babes on his desk. "Yes, my wife," he replied. "We married just before war broke out. Scarcely seen her since. And the infants . . . well, that was just too bad: each time I just missed being in at the arrival!"

The Navy loves its wife. There she was, her only rival *Flora*. And there they were, others like her, on the commander's cabin desk in half a dozen other ships I visited.

Their only complaint—these sailor husbands—when they get the signal, "Hunt off"! Their only envy—when the *other* ship gets the order to attack!

There's the daily pipe, "Dawn action stations will be exercised at —— hours," that being the most dangerous time when the ship is first silhouetted against the skyline. How all jump to it when it's action stations with the "exercise" omitted from the pipe!

When that happens and there's a lull in the attack, the crew is informed over the loudspeaker system of the progress of the action. Otherwise men down below would be ignorant of what is happening. The effect on morale of their *knowing* is enormous.

Just Like a Woman

Flora's an intimate ship, her crew, enjoying none of the amenities of big-ship life, making their own modest pleasures.

She's fussy, like all women, over her personal secrets; and it wasn't easy to notice her go-aheadness in two new experiments she is making—one concerning her camouflage, the other her closer co-operation with the aeroplane.

Bravely she bears those scores of cylindrical, drum-like depth-charges about her deck. Hun bullets have bounced off them before now without mishap, but falling bombs test the stoutest hearts.

She came into her own after Dunkirk, when, as more than once in this war, the Navy "held the baby" and lost many of her destroyers in doing it.

Then builders specialising in whalers asked, "What about some like these?" and so we got the Corvette.

Its Latin origin is "a ship of burden," but some say she's "the ship that saved the situation" at that time when convoys sailed with but a single escort.

But More to Sink

Now *Flora* and her sisters number well into three figures, and they are doing in almost every way the work of destroyers.

They are, with the rest of the powerful escorts now guarding convoys, sinking incomparably more U-boats than were sunk in the last war, but there are incomparably more to sink.

So *Flora*, impatient for her gaily flirtatious new paint to dry, is grimly hopeful of "Good Hunting"!

NOT SO STUPID!

READERS often write to protest that tins they have put aside carefully have been tipped in with the rest of the rubbish by the collectors.

They need not worry. Their corporation has a magnetic extraction plant, by means of which it is much quicker to handle refuse in bulk than if it were dealt with piecemeal. It also ensures that anything and everything metallic is recovered.

All the same, it is always wise to raise any query about salvage collection. Your local salvage steward will be glad to help you.

But why not become a salvage steward yourself, and so help to organise waste collection in your district?

It is a vital spare-time job and your services will be welcomed by your local council.

Planes Snatched from Ruin

A SMALL party of men, with their mobile cranes, emerged from the mouth of the wadi and came to a halt on the edge of the flat clearing of sand.

One of them scratched his head and turned back to his companions, who reflected his blank gaze.

They'd been told that a damaged R.A.F. fighter was lying in the middle of the landing ground. But quite manifestly there was no fighter there.

Spotting a group of officers in the distance, they drifted over in search of an explanation.

It turned out that another batch of smarties had arrived a short time before and carted the 'plane away. Cursing, they turned back towards their cranes.

"Don't go," shouted one of the officers. "Look! There's a Tomahawk coming in to land."

The Tomahawk came in lower, slowing down before it pancacked.

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The cranes were already moving as the damaged 'plane touched ground, and the men had a sling fixed round the fuselage before the startled pilot could step out of his cockpit.

"Hey! What's all this about?" he asked.

"Just a part of the Salvage Unit service," replied one of the men with a grin.

That story is the one the men of the R.A.F. salvage units in the Western Desert most like to tell.

But there are plenty of others.

Recently, a salvage unit officer, armed with a few tools and a brace of pigeons, got into a small truck and set out in the darkness for No Man's Land, where one of our medium bomber pilots had pranged his machine almost under the noses of the enemy outposts.

A couple of days later one of the pigeons touched down to its loft with a message stating that most of the valuable parts of the bomber could be collected by truck at a certain spot.

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And would they please bring him a tommy-gun, as he was fed-up with lying helpless in a slit trench while the Messerschmitts had a crack at him!

He got his tommy-gun.

And, it subsequently transpired, had quite a lot of fun with it.

But that was between times during the next two days, when he was busy stripping other 'planes that had crashed in that particular area of No Man's Land.

Eventually, having satisfied himself that there was nothing left worth leaving, he piled the lot into his truck and came home.

That's the stuff of which our Middle East salvage units are made.

If a pranged 'plane can be carted away and put back into the air, back into the air it goes.

If it can't, they make quite sure that the Germans can't fly it, anyway!

PATRICK SPENCER.

★ Most fantastic of all Hitler's many distortions of the war is his picture of the steadfast loyalty of Italy—"our old ally." Here's the true story of the relationship of these two Axis partners

Even when things looked good for this ridiculous imitation Dictator, the shadow of Himmler and the Gestapo was over him —though he probably didn't know it then

The Maggot is in Italy's Apple

LAST authentic news of any note we have heard of Mussolini was that he went to North Africa when Rommel made his attempt to sweep through to Alexandria.

He carried brand-new uniforms and a dozen decorations, ready for his "triumphant entry" into the capital of Egypt.

How magnificent he thought he would look on a big white horse, graciously accepting another Axis conquest from the hands of the German Field-Marshal!

It was not to be! Rommel never reached his objective, and there were doubts whether he would have shown much consideration for the Duce even if he had succeeded.

A Quiet Return

There was nothing else for Mussolini to do but to return to Rome as quietly and as inconspicuously as possible. He was not a happy man. He had little reason to be happy.

Reports from his Fascist prefects all over Italy, military memoranda and diplomatic notes with the imprint of the Swastika waiting on his desk, revealed the precarious position of his country.

Even though Mussolini is credibly reported to be not as bright in the head as he was twenty years ago, a last shred of sane judgment could not mistake the language of these reports.

From the industrial regions of the north there were reports of unrest, and the local prefects implored Mussolini to come and calm the workers.

They objected to being sent to Germany as labour slaves.

But even more they resented the fact that, while their bread rations were cut down rigorously, they heard their own wireless exult because Hitler has been able to raise the bread ration in Germany!

The news spread like wildfire. It was chalked on the walls and circulated in many other ways.

It did not improve the feelings of the Italians towards the Germans. Farmers began to hide their crops, which, they feared, would go to Germany to feed Germans.

They flaunted the stringent food laws which were introduced. Then Press and radio appealed to Italian patriotism. But Italians refused to be patriotic to feed Nazis.

Finally, big concessions were offered to Italian farmers if they would only collaborate. But the effect was practically nil.

Complaints of Graft

Instead, there were complaints about the corruption and inefficiency of industrial and agricultural leaders.

The Police President of Rome admitted that he had to send many members of prominent Italian families to jail because they showed their opposition to the Fascist régime, and that the king was perturbed to see these prominent names in the lists of political prisoners.

His son-in-law, Ciano, told Mussolini that, while Germany's demands on Italy grew stiffer every day, they were not supplying the coal promised.

That Ribbentrop had clamped down on Italian propaganda for the return of Nice, Corsica and Tunisia, for which, actually, Italy had entered the war!

He had even to confess that he was perturbed about German moves in parts of the Balkans which had originally been placed under Italian control.

Hitler, Mussolini heard to his consternation, had demanded more Italian soldiers for the Russian front.

Under the impact of so many blows and so much bad news, the Italian home front had become shaky, and even Fascist officials could no longer be relied upon to keep faith with the tottering sawdust dictator.

Good as Himmler

Mussolini decided to deal with the trouble in a familiar way. He had the German example before his eyes—subordination of all Germany under the terrorist S.S. Black Guards and the wide powers given to Gestapo Chief Himmler.

He considered his own Fascist Militia Chief, Galbiati, was as good as Himmler.

Together with General Giua, commander of the Fascist regiment "Mussolini"—a copy of the Nazi regiment "Adolf Hitler"—he sent Galbiati to Berlin to learn the latest technique of oppression from the Nazi S.S. Black Guards.

Then Mussolini asked Hitler to meet him and, at the same time, announced that this meeting would take place soon.

It should have taken place in Vienna a month ago. Now there is talk of the meeting taking place at Brenner.

Instead of settling Italo-German questions in the Balkans by mutual consent, Hitler ordered his own military leaders to clean up the Balkans and take over more territory.

Mussolini had no choice but to order the withdrawal of Italian troops from these regions. Just as in Africa he had to watch Nazi generals taking command of Axis forces which had given a poor account of themselves under Italian leadership.

On the Russian front even his crack Bersaglieri regiment was stiffened by German N.C.O.s and officers, and the Nazi High Command had ordered that one German soldier must serve with every six Italians.

The small conquered territories which Hitler still allows the Italians to administer are seething with unrest. Time after time Mussolini must rush off to Albania or to Athens to stem the waves of revolt.

But that is not all.

Second Front Jitters

As Rommel's failure in Africa became more apparent, "Second Front" jitters gripped the aging Mussolini.

What if the United Nations decided to invade Italy instead of Western Europe? What if the Second Front were launched against Italy?

New desperate S.O.S. signals reached Berlin from Rome. There was no reply.

"The Axis must sacrifice other vital positions for the success in the East!" moaned Gayda, Mussolini's mouthpiece, in an attempt to allay public fears.

Yet, even more disturbing news reached Italy from the German camp. It seemed as if Hitler, too, regarded a "Second Front" against Italy as a possibility, and was taking precautions.

These precautions were not at all to the liking of Mussolini and his Fascists. They are, perhaps, the surest pointer to the real relationship of the Axis partners.

Hitler, his communications extended to breaking point, the vast territories under his rule vulnerable to attack, has no intention of adding Italy to his military responsibilities.

New Defence Line

If the worst comes to the worst, the German High Command argues, Southern Italy can be sacrificed.

Industrial Northern Italy could be taken over by the Reich and a new defence line established along the narrow strip from Leghorn to Ravenna. A few German divisions, Hitler thinks, could hold this line.

But what would Mussolini have to say about that?

Who cares? Mussolini carries as little weight with his allies as he carries with his enemies. The other end of the Axis is slowly rotting away. And many Italians hope that this will mark the end of Fascist Italy.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OCTOBER 24, 1942

ONE PUNCH: ONE PU

UNITY—That's the clarion essential that must dominate every single move of the United Nations at this crucial point of the war when Hitler, still our chief foe, admits that he is now on the defensive

Says A. G. GARDINER

IN the great sayings of the war, history, I think, will not give the first place to Mr. Churchill's. His have been many and memorable. They have been bugle calls that will echo down the ages.

BUT THE MOST PREGNANT SAYING OF THE WAR IS HITLER'S. WHEN AT BERLIN LAST MONTH HE SAID, "THE GERMAN REICH WILL NEVER CAPITULATE," HE SAID WORDS WHICH FELL LIKE THE STROKE OF DOOM UPON HIS PEOPLE.

His plot had failed. His enemy was in the ascendant. Germany henceforth was on the defensive. And Germany knows what that foreshadows. It remembers 1918.

The words were not a slip of the tongue. They were calculated. They have set the note for all the German propaganda since. Goebbels has changed his tune from the jaunty, cock-a-hoop bombast of the past to explanations, laments, appeals.

The fanfare phase is over. The whining phase approaches.

The writing on the wall has become too plain to ignore. The campaign of 1942 has failed in all its major objects. It has failed to knock out Russia. It has failed to clinch the pincer movement from Egypt to the Caucasus.

It has failed to cut the Atlantic life-line. It has failed to stop Anglo-American supplies to Russia. It has failed to counter the devastating bombardment of the German cities.

And in the meantime the productive might of the United Nations has gathered momentum. We have kept the mastery of the sea. We have seized the mastery of the air. We have mobilised great armies for the attack.

Locked in the Russian vice, Hitler no longer keeps us guessing. It is he who is left guessing whence the stroke will come.

In this great moment of transition from the defensive to the offensive, all questions pale before that of strategy. President Roosevelt has uttered wise and timely words on this subject to which we shall do well to give heed.

When, where and how we strike are questions which cannot be decided by the "typewriting strategists" of the Press and the platform. They must be decided, and are being decided, by the experts who alone know the facts and live in daily and hourly contact with the ceaselessly changing problems of the war.

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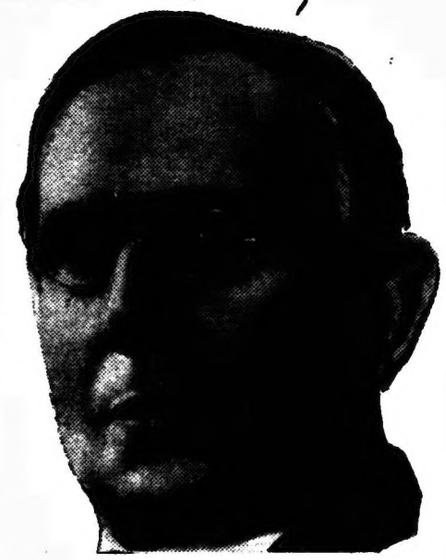
THE ONE IMPERIOUS NEED IS UNITY OF STRATEGY.

In this respect the enemy have an obvious advantage. It is an advantage which will be fatal to them in the end. But for the immediate purposes of the war it is formidable.

Hitler is absolute. As Goering has been careful to remind Germany, the Führer is responsible for everything. If the victories are his, the defeats will be his also.

That is unity of control at its maximum, and it is exercised over the conquered Continent with a ruthlessness and brutality unexampled since the days of Genghis Khan.

In Hitler's strategy nothing counts but the interests of Germany—and the interests of his own personal power. This is his strength. It is also his weakness.



A.G.G. urges that our offensive should be launched at a single command from every quarter of the compass, on land, on sea, and from the sky

But the United Nations are composed of separate Powers, with separate interests. Each approaches the war from its own angle. Each has equal rights with the rest and exercises individual authority over its share in the struggle.

They have come into the war at different phases and under the compulsion of different causes—Russia because she was attacked by Germany, the United States because she was attacked by Japan. They cannot fail to have particular points of view.

BUT THE OVERRIDING CONSIDERATION FOR ALL IS THIS: THERE IS ONLY ONE WAR. VICTORY IN THAT WAR IS VICTORY FOR ALL. DEFEAT IN THAT WAR IS DEFEAT FOR ALL.

It follows from this that the strategy of the war must be governed by a single common aim—the winning of the war. No question of special interest or inequality of sacrifice must deflect us from that strategy.

If it does, we may win a local success, but we shall run the risk of losing the war.

The only criterion of the wisdom of any action is its bearing upon the whole complex of the war.

Have we achieved this unity of strategy in time for the crucial moment when we are passing from the defence to the attack?

Doubts have haunted many minds in the light of the horrors that have befallen Russia.

For nearly a year and a half she has borne the whole brunt of Hitler's mighty war machine, and great as the efforts of Britain and America to help her in her agony have been that help has fallen far short of her need.

It would be strange if she did not complain of that insufficiency. It would be

ONE PUNCH: ONE PURPOSE!

UNITY—That's the clarion essential that must dominate every single move of the United Nations at this crucial point of the war when Hitler, still our chief foe, admits that he is now on the defensive

Says A. G. GARDINER

IN the great sayings of the war, history, I think, will not give the first place to Mr. Churchill's. His have been many and memorable. They have been bugle calls that will echo down the ages.

BUT THE MOST PREGNANT SAYING OF THE WAR IS HITLER'S. WHEN AT BERLIN LAST MONTH HE SAID, "THE GERMAN REICH WILL NEVER CAPITULATE," HE SAID WORDS WHICH FELL LIKE THE STROKE OF DOOM UPON HIS PEOPLE.

His plot had failed. His enemy was in the ascendant. Germany henceforth was on the defensive. And Germany knows what that foreshadows. It remembers 1918.

The words were not a slip of the tongue. They were calculated. They have set the note for all the German propaganda since. Goebbels has changed his tune from the jaunty, cock-a-hoop bombast of the past to explanations, laments, appeals.

The fanfare phase is over. The whining phase approaches.

The writing on the wall has become too plain to ignore. The campaign of 1942 has failed in all its major objects. It has failed to knock out Russia.
It has failed to clinch the pincer movement from Egypt to the Caucasus.

It has failed to cut the Atlantic life-line. It has failed to stop Anglo-American supplies to Russia. It has failed to counter the devastating bombardment of the German cities.

And in the meantime the productive might of the United Nations has gathered momentum. We have kept the mastery of the sea. We have seized the mastery of the air. We have mobilised great armies for the attack.

Locked in the Russian vice, Hitler no longer keeps us guessing. It is he who is left guessing whence the stroke will come.

In this great moment of transition from the defensive to the offensive, all questions pale before that of strategy. President Roosevelt has uttered wise and timely words on this subject to which we shall do well to give heed.

When, where and how we strike are questions which cannot be decided by the "typewriting strategists" of the Press and the platform. They must be decided, and are being decided, by the experts who alone know the facts and live in daily and hourly contact with the ceaselessly changing problems of the war.

★ ★ ★

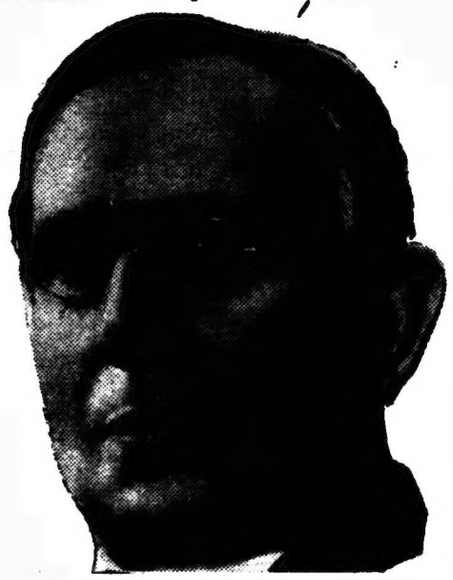
THE ONE IMPERIOUS NEED IS UNITY OF STRATEGY.

In this respect the enemy have an obvious advantage. It is an advantage which will be fatal to them in the end. But for the immediate purposes of the war it is formidable.

Hitler is absolute. As Goering has been careful to remind Germany, the Führer is responsible for everything. If the victories are his, the defeats will be his also.

That is unity of control at its maximum, and it is exercised over the conquered Continent with a ruthlessness and brutality unexampled since the days of Genghis Khan.

In Hitler's strategy nothing counts but the interests of Germany—and the interests



A.G.G. urges that our offensive should be launched at a single command from every quarter of the compass, on land, on sea, and from the sky

of his own personal power. This is his strength. It is also his weakness.

But the United Nations are composed of separate Powers, with separate interests. Each approaches the war from its own angle. Each has equal rights with the rest and exercises individual authority over its share in the struggle.

They have come into the war at different phases and under the compulsion of different causes—Russia because she was attacked by Germany, the United States because she was attacked by Japan. They cannot fail to have particular points of view.

BUT THE OVERRIDING CONSIDERATION FOR ALL IS THIS: THERE IS ONLY ONE WAR. VICTORY IN THAT WAR IS VICTORY FOR ALL. DEFEAT IN THAT WAR IS DEFEAT FOR ALL.

It follows from this that the strategy of the war must be governed by a single common aim—the winning of the war. No question of special interest or inequality of sacrifice must deflect us from that strategy.

If it does, we may win a local success, but we shall run the risk of losing the war.

The only criterion of the wisdom of any action is its bearing upon the whole complex of the war.

Have we achieved this unity of strategy in time for the crucial moment when we are passing from the defence to the attack?

Doubts have haunted many minds in the light of the horrors that have befallen Russia.

For nearly a year and a half she has borne the whole brunt of Hitler's mighty war machine, and great as the efforts of Britain and America to help her in her agony have been that help has fallen far short of her need.

It would be strange if she did not complain of that insufficiency. It would be stranger still if Hitler did not exploit it by poisoning the mind of Russia against us.

But he has failed and will fail. Stalin has given us a broad hint, but it implies no suspicion of Anglo-American good faith.

He knows relief is coming with all possible speed and on a scale that will shift the centre of gravity of the war from his stricken land. And Roosevelt in his latest fireside talk left no doubt that on all the large questions of strategy Stalin is in full agreement with himself and Churchill.

Nor could we have any better assurance on the subject than the presence of Field Marshal Smuts in London at this critical hour. With that sage and capacious mind at his elbow Mr. Churchill has gone far to remove all reasonable anxieties.

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When and where the offensive of the united strategy will come we do not know—nor does Hitler. Any day may enlighten us—and Hitler also. But two things may be said.

FIRST, AS TO URGENCY. IF A FRONTAL ATTACK IN THE WEST IS CONTEMPLATED IT SHOULD BE THIS AUTUMN AND WINTER RATHER THAN NEXT SPRING. WE SHOULD BE MORE FORMIDABLY EQUIPPED THEN, NO DOUBT. BUT SO, ALSO, WOULD THE GERMAN DEFENCES.

France is now lightly held, the German war machine is in Russia, and the terror with which Hitler is inaugurating his defensive strategy has raised the passions of the Western nations to boiling-point.

And it is upon a popular upheaval from Norway to France—and, indeed, all over Europe—that the success of a frontal attack in the West will largely depend.

Second, no enterprise in the West should imperil our enormous liabilities in Egypt and Burma. In the large-scale strategy of the war the defeat of Rommel is vital.

It would kill the "pincer" menace in the Middle East, restore our unchallenged mastery of the Mediterranean, secure North Africa, and make Italy an open door.

And the recovery of Burma is no less urgent. For until the Burma Road is reopened the mighty potentialities of China cannot be unleashed against the Japanese.

This, like the defeat of Rommel, would be a vast strategic gain to Stalin. For the more power we can put into China's punch the more secure will be Stalin's back door from attack from Tokio. ★ ★ ★

Thus, wherever we turn, the need of a single, united strategy that surveys the war as a whole is emphasised.

When we launch our offensive it should be launched at a single command, from every quarter of the compass, on every element, land, sea, and sky.

And having, by our united strategy, lifted the curse of Hitler from the earth, let us not forget Mr. Roosevelt's reminder that the united strategy of the United Nations will still have a nobler task to fulfil.

WHEN HITLERISM IS HURLED BACK TO ITS NATIVE HELL THE VICTORY OF PEACE WILL REMAIN TO BE WON. AND THAT VICTORY WILL DEPEND AS MUCH UPON THE LOYAL CO-OPERATION OF BRITAIN, AMERICA, RUSSIA, AND CHINA AS THE VICTORY OF ARMS DOES TO-DAY.

New Explanation Of Hitler's Shackles Order

HITLER'S sudden decision to chain the Dieppe prisoners was *not* just a fit of frenzy over the Sark commando incident.

Nothing in Hitler's actions is genuine, not even his "fits." Everything is calculated, everything is part of a plan.

Fortunately, most of his calculations and plans go wrong in the end, and so will his latest move.

Mr. Churchill has suggested that the fettering order was born of the fear of further Commandos' raids along the 2,000 miles of Atlantic Coast.

No doubt it was one of Hitler's motives. But may there not have been something else—something bigger behind it?

Notice the coincidence between the chaining pronouncement and the statements made in Washington and London by President Roosevelt and Lord Simon on the prosecution of war criminals.

★ ★ ★

This Anglo-American declaration was one of the things which the gangsters in Berlin dreaded most.

It came just at a time when Germans were beginning to ask whether this is really a war of self-preservation for the whole German nation or just a war to save Hitler and Co. from the annihilation which would be their lot after a defeat

Recent speeches of Nazi leaders reveal that this question is now in the foreground of private talks throughout the Reich, and perhaps even in the army.

Notice how Goebbels took the trouble to raise this awkward issue by declaring: This is not a war against the Nazi régime, but against the whole German nation."

Observe that Goering, three days later, strangely said that "whether Democrats, Socialists, Communists or National-Socialists, there would be no difference made between us by the Allies if they were victorious."

For Goering to admit that, after nearly ten years of totalitarian dictatorship and *Gestapo* terrorism, there still exist "Democrats, Socialists and Communists"—while the Germans and the whole world were assured time and again in these ten years that "all Germans are solidly behind the Fuehrer," and that "Hitler *is* Germany"—is either an amazing slip or a bitter necessity.

Surely it was no slip but an unavoidable confession of fact!

At this tense juncture has come the Roosevelt-Simon declaration that no indiscriminate mass-reprisals were contemplated or would be encouraged by the Allied Governments, but that only "a comparatively small number of ring-leaders and perpetrators of war crimes" would have to be handed over as a preliminary condition for any armistice.

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This master-stroke of political warfare has had bombshell effects in Berlin.

Hitler *had* to try a vast manœuvre of diversion.

He *had* to tell the German people that the "war criminals" were not on the Axis side, but in the camp of the Allies.

He *had* to arouse feelings of popular hate against "British atrocities," lest people in Germany might discuss the pledge by President Roosevelt and Viscount Simon that no indiscriminate reprisals would take place against the German people.

Hence the faked outburst of indignation over the chaining document of Dieppe—two months after its first disclosure—under the pretext of the Sark incident.

It is just a clumsy diversion from a problem which will play a decisive part in the disintegration of German morale during the months to come.

V. S.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

SHALL WE HAVE BIGGER RAIDS?

● Soon after the Regional Commissioner for London declared that future raids on this country would make the last blitz seem like a picnic, the Premier said he did not agree.

The Prime Minister ought to know: but so should the Regional Commissioner.

Which should the public believe?

Unfortunately, official opinions as to the progress of the war are too often based on what a particular individual wants done at the time.

The Regional Commissioner knows that Civil Defence has to be kept on the alert. If he went round saying what many others believe—that the Allies already have a marked air superiority, and that our anti-aircraft plans are much more efficient than a year ago—there might follow a slackening off.

On the other hand, Churchill may have felt the need of lightening the 'grim hour," as he calls it, by enumerating all the points now in our favour.

My own view is that a most realist view should always have been put, and that the different notes struck by different official spokesmen merely puzzle the public.

What we must expect is a regular continuance of the hit-and-run raids around a coast hard to defend The cities are much safer.

WHY DO STRIKES EVER START?

● War time strikes invariably fizzle out, in the end, with an agreement that, several readers argue, might have been arrived at before work was stopped.

That is all very well in theory. The truth is that, until one side or other has lost more than it thought it would, both masters and men are often unduly obstinate.

Although both sides know from experience that there will be loss, each side hopes that the other will give way with a threat of a strike or a lock-out. Man seldom learns that from experience. Each generation continues to make the same sort of mistake, each for itself.

The good side of trade disputes is that, when they are over, there is a serious attempt to make up for lost time

WHAT ABOUT THE NEW LONDON?

● After two years of hard work, and with the assistance of a leading economist and the Commissioner of Police, fifteen prominent architects have replanned London. Their plans and their drawings now hang in the Royal Academy.

The scheme, majestic in conception, includes boulevards, an open vista around St. Paul's, an art centre where Covent Garden Market now strangles traffic, a larger Piccadilly Circus, and a ring of roads to divert traffic.

But will the vested interests allow the plan to go through?

If they do, London will gradually become the finest capital in the world.

If they don't, another Christopher Wren scheme will be killed.

It is now up to the nation.

Send the plan on tour! Let all Britain see it!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

QUEER MAN BOBS UP IN A SWEEPSTAKE

LAST week I predicted that the usual wave of "seasonal" sweepstakes would soon begin.

This week I can announce its beginning with a flood of tickets for what is magnificently described as a "Grand National Defence Bond Draw."

Tickets are 1s. each, there is the attraction of a £500 first prize and another £500 in smaller prizes, and the proceeds are intended for the "Legal Aid and Benefit Fund" of the National Union of Auxiliary Firemen.

A good cause, those of you who are offered tickets might naturally think.

A fine chance to help our deserving firemen and at the same time help the War Savings Scheme!

But—let me state the facts as one of my investigators has unearthed them.

The tickets are printed by two men who run, in partnership, a small concern called the Argus Press, in Queen Street, Maidenhead.

They say they have nothing to do with the actual Draw, and merely printed the tickets, to order, in the ordinary course of business.

Outside their office in Queen Street, Maidenhead, however, a brass plate was recently affixed to a door on which the words "National Union of Auxiliary Firemen" appear.

Accommodation Address

When my investigator called there the other day he failed to find any union officials in attendance, and was informed that it was merely an "accommodation" address for "business purposes."

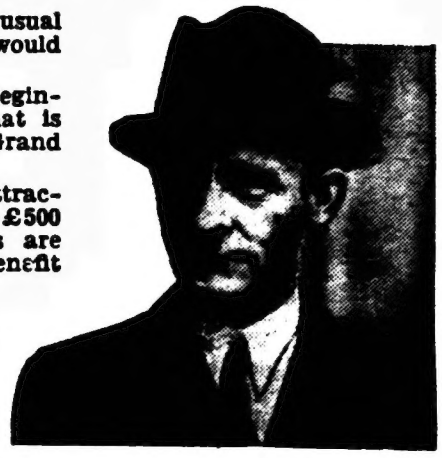
Actually, the address is really used only by the people interested in the promotion of this Draw for the receipt of mail.

The Appeal Secretary, according to the tickets, is a Fireman L. Scott.

Though Mr. Scott is not often at the Maidenhead address, he is now frequently to be found in an office in Piccadilly, London, W., which has lately been used as an Appeal Office, though it is not mentioned on the tickets.

Following extensive inquiries made at Maidenhead and elsewhere into the origin and workings of this scheme, my investigator obtained an interview with Fireman Scott at the Piccadilly address.

He gathered from Mr. Scott that he was anxious to help his Union's Legal Aid and Benefit Fund, and that only the barest expenses were being allowed for the promotion of the Draw.



This is Harold Johnson whose ventures have been exposed in "John Bull"

He appeared to be somewhat surprised when asked whether a certain Mr. Harold Johnson, of "Red Roofs," Bourne End, near Maidenhead, was closely connected with the scheme, and said:

"I am an infant in a promotion of this kind, and Mr. Harold Johnson, who has such a vast knowledge about sweepstakes and such things, is advising me for the benefit of our Firemen's Fund."

Actually, I have found that it was Johnson who personally gave the order for the printing of the tickets to the Maidenhead firm, and paid an initial deposit of £15.

First, he ordered 125,000 tickets. When these had been supplied, he asked for a further 125,000.

It is not an offence to run what is alluded to in the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934 as a "private lottery"—that is, one which is promoted and in which the sale of tickets or chances is confined to members of one society.

Work this Out

But certain very strict conditions have to be observed, and it seems obvious from my investigator's report that some of these conditions appear to have been ignored.

The membership of the National Union of Auxiliary Firemen is approximately 3,500. So, with 250,000 tickets ordered, it is difficult to see how the promoters can hope to restrict sales to the firemen concerned, although "For Members Only" appear on the tickets.

I have a circular before me from which some quotations are most interesting. It is signed by Fireman Scott, and was received by a man who was sent, by post, a large number of tickets to sell, although he did not ask for them and did not know they were coming to him.

"Knowing that your friends and contacts are so numerous," it runs, "we haven't any doubt that you will use all your influence to sell a really large number of tickets in the draw. . . .

"The tickets have now started to sell like hot cakes, and will be bought by all and sundry, especially for such a good cause. In fact, it is now certain we shall have to print more books. . . ."

At the bottom of the circular are the words: "From the sale of the enclosed books you retain £——"

Mr. Johnson's Part

And he was asked to remit moneys, not to the well-appointed offices in Piccadilly where Fireman Scott has lately been in evidence, but to the "accommodation" address at Maidenhead rented from the printers of the tickets!

Lots of ventures in which Mr. Harold Johnson has had an advising hand have aroused severe criticism.

Some of his previous enterprises, which have been dealt with in JOHN BULL, include:

Daily Express Sports Corporation.
Hyde Park Press.
British Public Sports Combine.
Express Daily Sports Association.
National Football Association.
Grand National Employment Association.
National Turf Credit Association.

Johnson, who at times has used the name of J. Gower-Cavendish, is a past-master at the work of promoting flat-trap betting schemes, and JOHN BULL has said so on many occasions.

I would be the last to wish to deprive the National Union of Auxiliary Firemen of the benefits of a legitimate Christmas Draw, but I certainly think that before going any further the officials of the Union would do well to acquaint themselves more fully with the provisions of the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934.

While the National Union of Auxiliary Firemen is, of course, a perfectly reputable body, representative of one section of Britain's firemen, it should not be confused with the big and recognised organisation, the Fire Brigade's Union, which has a membership of roughly 85,000.

VICTORY!

I AM extremely pleased that the wicked ramp in toys which I have dealt with on several occasions is now being specially checked.

The Board of Trade, acting on reports from investigators which confirmed that exorbitant prices were being charged, has issued an Order controlling the prices for manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers at the level of September 30 last.

Price Regulation Committee officials will see that these prices are adhered to, and will, in future, make inquiries with a view to prosecuting traders who do not keep books showing purchases and sales.

Another victory in our campaign against Black Market racketeers.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

The £1 1s. this week goes to Miss S. Wrenn, of William-Street, Slough, Bucks, for spotting something of interest. Write about any matter needing investigation and address Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WE EXPOSED HIM

MANY people in different parts of the country have been duped in one way or another by a man named Reginald Charles Pate, who said he was a clergyman.

In the early summer a detailed warning appeared in JOHN BULL about his operations, which mainly concerned exhibitions of Sunday films for which no admission prices were charged, but a silver collection made.

Pate's usual takings averaged £30 a show, but the irreverent orator dodged paying rent and bills whenever he had the chance to do so.

He was recently arrested on a charge of false pretences in connection with a film called "What Men Live By," and is now in jail for a well-deserved term.

Far from being a recognised clergyman, Pate bestowed the title of "Revd." on himself after less than twelve months' religious training.

There are many bogus clerics deceiving the public to-day, and they will be wise to take heed of this crook's downfall.

ONE MAN'S POISON IS ANOTHER'S . . .

"I've warned you," said the doctor. But George Feather was still stubborn because he had a horror of hospitals

JOHN BULL'S TEN MINUTE STORY by WILL SCOTT

GEORGE FEATHER was no mixer. He kept right at the back where you couldn't see him, and was quite satisfied to be there. A bachelor, an orphan from his early years, he was, at forty, a man without a friend.

He was a man without a friend because he had never met another man who saw things as he saw them. He was lonely because he was in every way alone.

Even his fishing was done on empty beaches and distant backwaters. He belonged to no angling club. He fished as he lived, a man on his own.

And when the doctor first told him that he would have to go to hospital a cold sweat burst on the brow of George Feather. Because of the hospital, not because of the reason for going there.

A hospital! To lie in a bed in a row of beds and be stared at by all the others and questioned by all the others! To be made to tell things about himself and his way of life!

"A hospital," he said, "wouldn't suit me. You see, I'm no mixer. I never know what to say to people."

"I've warned you," said the doctor.

A fortnight later he warned George Feather again. And a week after that no warning was necessary. George Feather was beyond arguing. He went to hospital.

When it was over and he opened his eyes to find himself lying in a bed in a row of beds, stared at by the occupants of all the other beds, in the limelight for the first time in his life, George Feather was almost sorry the operation had been successful.

It was so awful that he shut his eyes again.

Presently he heard a voice; a voice from the next bed.

"You all right?"

He opened his eyes again.

The man in the next bed was a timid-looking chap, a chap who didn't look as if *he* liked being in the hospital very much. Which was perhaps why he kept his voice down. George Feather later on found that his name was Peter North.

"Yes, I'm all right," said George Feather.

"Pretty grim here," said Peter North.

"Grim?"

"You know—*public*. If you know what I mean. Like being in bed in the middle of the Strand."

"Oh, yes. Yes, rather. Yes, that part of it's *awful*. I refused to come."

"So did I. But I'm here!"

"So am I!"

George Feather took a quick fancy to Peter North, and Peter North seemed to take a quick fancy to him. And it was all helped by the early discovery that the two men had something in common. They were both in hospital for *the same thing*.

"Some of the others," said Peter North, "are in for this, some are in for the other thing, but we are the only ones who are in for *that*."

"Ah!" said George Feather.

Which gave them something to talk about in which the other patients could not join.

Their first symptoms; how they suspected; how they found out; how things went at the operation; how they were responding to treatment now; their chances for the future; their hopes.

Very soon the other patients gave them up and left them alone. They were two by themselves. They talked together all day long. Before very long they had almost forgotten they were in hospital.

"Funny thing," said George Feather one afternoon, "but if we hadn't fallen ill like this we'd never have got to know each other."

"Odd how things turn out," said Peter North.

"I'm enjoying myself," said George Feather.

"More like a holiday!" said Peter North.

"Of course, my trouble," said George Feather, "well, I've never been much of a mixer."

"Me neither," said Peter North. "Live by myself. Always keep myself *to* myself."

And that night, just before he fell asleep, George Feather told himself that it had all been worth it, just to find a real friend at last.

Peter North was discharged first. On the last morning he came and sat beside George Feather's bed.

"I hope this isn't the last we shall see of each other," he said.

"*I* hope not," said George Feather.

"You've another week to go," said Peter North. "Look, I'll write my address on this slip of paper. If you'd—well, care to call and see me one evening . . ."

"Rather!" said George Feather. "We've got a lot in common."

"Rather. Been a little camp on our own here, haven't we? You bet I'll call."

"Sure?"

"Sure!"

"Well, good-bye—old man."

"Good-bye, old man."

And Peter North went out of the ward, leaving his first friend behind him. And there in his bed George Feather watched his first friend go.

"Funny, the difference it makes," he reflected, "when two chaps have something in common."

George Feather, fully recovered, called one evening on Peter North. They grinned, they shook hands, they slapped each other's back, they pulled up chairs to the fire.

"This is grand!" declared Peter North.

"You don't know how I've looked forward to it," said George Feather.

"We ought to make it a weekly date," suggested Peter North.

"After next week, we will," promised George Feather.

"Why, what's on next week?" Peter North asked.

"Going down into Essex for a few days' fishing," said George Feather. "Just to complete the cure, you know."

"You do much fishing?"

"Loads of it. Why, if I hadn't been such a retiring sort of bloke I'd have had medals and cups. But I couldn't stand the publicity, you know. I actually have caught the biggest trout that was ever caught. At Little Gadsby. But it wasn't official."

Peter North lifted a heavy album from the table to a shelf.

"Photographs?" said George Feather.

"Stamps," said Peter North. "Collected 'em ever since I was a kid. I've actually got a blue Himalaya in that album. And you won't find another like it in all Britain."

"Really? Well, as I was saying, that trout——"

"*And* I didn't give a fortune for it, either. I gave seven and sixpence for it. But it may be worth a fortune one day."

"Really? Very interesting. What was I—oh, yes. Now, that trout——"

"That stamp, you'll be surprised to hear——"

And so on and so on and so on.

"That trout——"

"That stamp——"

Until eleven o'clock struck, and George Feather had to go.

When he had gone Peter North sat back and mopped his brow.

"Ye gods!" he sighed. "A fisherman. 'You ought to have seen the one that got away!' I—I hope he never calls again. I couldn't stand it!"

And out in the street George Feather was glaring up at the windows of Peter North's flat.

"A stamp collector! Well, my hat! There's one thing to be thankful for. *I never gave him my address. . . .*"

Moonshine Corner

"STRAITS of Dover last night: Fine and cold with some ground mist, but a clear, moonlit sky; sea slight."

Of all the pure drivel which is being written about and around this war the daily weather reports from the Straits of Dover take the whole pound of biscuits.

Does it matter to anybody in the world that the moon shone bright over the white cliffs *last night!* That there may be a fog in the Straits to-morrow or next week or next month is another matter. And it might be a very important matter.

But we shan't be told about it (very rightly) until to-morrow becomes yesterday, until next month becomes last month.

★ ★ ★

The weather to come might make all the difference to a lot of things. But the weather that's gone is about as much use as last Saturday's cabbage water.

What *happened* last night in the Straits is news, whether it happened in moonlight or thunderstorm. The weather may have come into it then, but it doesn't come into it this morning.

It started months ago I didn't take very much notice at the time. I don't think anybody did. It was, we thought, just a passing phase.

But now it seems it wasn't a passing phase. It keeps on keeping on

So that I wish I'd taken more notice and done a bit of counting. I wish I'd counted the number of times this stale weather report had appeared in our daily papers since the first time. I wish I'd measured up the space devoted to it and multiplied it by the number of times.

I wish I'd found out the number of papers and multiplied by that.

I wish I'd found out the circulation of each paper and multiplied by *that*.

Finding out in the end the number of *miles* (or hundreds of miles) that have been wasted in the last months on telling us, when it was over and dead and done for and of no use to anybody, what the weather was like over the white cliffs last night.

★ ★ ★

Stale news as a regular feature is a new idea to me. But now our newspapers have broken the ice I think they should have the courage to go on. Why not give us the result of the last Boat Race?

Why not give us all the Derby winners back to 1900? Or a day-to-day commentary from Mafeking up to the Relief?

Keeping on keeping on serving us stale news about yesterday's weather makes us look, I think, a lot of fools.

We are a lot of fools, I know.

But I don't think it's wise to be reminding us all the time. We may, in the end, get annoyed.

A. G.

YOUR VOICE COUNTS

HUMAN MACHINE

You should never be afraid of expressing your opinion. You should always be prepared to state the truth as you see it.

Neither you nor anyone else can tell what effect your views may have on the society of which you are a member.

A word of yours may start a change that will only come to fruition generations hence—but it may start a change.

"Opinion," said that great thinker, Herbert Spencer, "is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself . . . each individual is a unit of force, constituting with other such units the general power which works our social changes."

And he goes on: "He (the individual) must remember that while he is a descendant of the past *he is a parent of the future: and that his thoughts are his children born to him which he may not carelessly let die.*

"He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause.

"The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world."

Now that is finely and clearly put, and it should persuade every one who reads it of the important part he can, and should, play in the scheme of things that we call "Society" or the "State."

Always remember that if you feel sometimes a bit unimportant!

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

AS with the Navy—the "Silent Service" to which they are linked—we don't hear much of the grand deeds of the Royal Marines.

So here's a letter from twenty-year-old Marine A. Hughes, who was on the "Repulse" when she went down, and has since had his share of other excitement. He writes to his mother at Queen Street, Wallgate, Wigan:

Glad you got over the shock when you heard that the ship had gone down. It was a bit exciting while it lasted. I, like many more, got away safely. But we had a very hot time at Singapore, what with the bombing, and the shelling and one thing and another, plus some pretty hot fighting with the Japs.

Eventually we were lucky enough to get a ship which took us to Java, but luckier still not to be sunk again, for about fifty Jap bombers attacked us one day for about four hours. They scored only three slight hits, causing very little real damage.

There was one awkward moment when a load of bombs dropped unpleasantly close, and the ship seemed to rise clear of the sea, then shook herself like a dog coming out of the water, and went on her course as if nothing had happened.

After Java we travelled a bit, seeing the world at the Government's expense, and at last spent three weeks under canvas at a rest camp—and we needed it!

By this time we had lost our proper uniforms. You should have seen the Marines all dressed up like real sailors sleeping out in the town. A fine body of men!

Prospects for leave are a bit dim at the moment, but I hope it won't be long before I see you again.

CHAMPION!

Bädly wounded, and in a hospital bed for ten months, Pte. G. H. Abson, Y. and L. Regiment, writes home cheerfully to his wife at Sandywood Street, Keighley, Yorks:

I'm getting on champion, so there is nothing to worry about. . . . As a special treat yesterday we had some rock cakes, and, believe me, they were rock. We dropped one on a metal plate and it almost went through. Then they had the nerve to bring round "iron" tablets!

However, the rock cakes will not be wasted as they are to strengthen the foundations of our air raid shelter. The experts have found them splinter- and shock-proof.

That night we sang "Rock of Ages" for our evening hymn, and it seemed to fit in with the cakes somehow. Keeping smiling!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A "FRIENDLY" GAME

With the R.A.F. and serving in Southern Rhodesia is L.A.C. H. Pryor, who writes home to his mother, who is in hospital at Braintree, Essex, to tell of casualties—in a Rugby match:

Our team was beaten in more ways than one. Besides losing the match eighteen to six, we also lost three of our star players. One with a broken collar-bone, one with a broken ankle, and the other was thrown so heavily that he doesn't expect to play again this season.

This was not so bad seeing that it was a "friendly" game. What will happen in a real championship game I don't know.

Next week-end I hope to see another match. Ambulances, stretchers, splints and nurses have been arranged for the occasion.

THIS IS THE SPIRIT!

On a voyage to an unknown destination, Sig. J. A. Moore, Divisional Signals, found some excitement, and writes to his wife at Orchard Park, Thornliebank, Glasgow, to tell her about it:

After three days in the Atlantic, zig-zagging all over the ocean, we struck a thick fog—and then something struck us. We must have zigged instead of zagged.

Anyway, we were thrown about a lot. The alarm went for "Boat Stations," and we doubled up to our allotted places, standing shivering in the dark waiting for the boats to be lowered.

We stood by all night while the damage was investigated. It was found that we had escaped serious damage, and we did not have to take to the boats.

The captain decided to make for the nearest port, and we limped along at eight knots an hour, arriving in port seven days later.

Rumour then had it that we were going back to England, but instead of that we went the other way, and finished up half-way round the world.

We spent a few days at ——, and because we had not had enough of the water we had some boat races! Being in the winning team, I received the princely sum of ten shillings as prize money, so I felt like a bloated capitalist.

Give Jim my best love. I shall be able to tell him lots of bedtime stories when I get home.

AS GOOD AS A CRUISE

A life on the ocean wave seems to suit Gunner N. Lee, who is bound for "Somewhere." He writes to his mother at Ridgeway, Grays, Essex:

A concert is given every night in different parts of the ship. Talent is all "local," and it's surprising how tough the audiences are: they stand up to anything and seem to like it.

The applause puzzles me: I can't make out whether the boys are trying to encourage us, or trying to tire us out so that we can't perform again for a long, long time.

I find myself in the band. What a loss to Jack Payne, Debroy Somers and Billy Cotton! We play from orchestrations, so, of course, I can cheat a lot. The accordion is very handy, and my playing gives more pleasure than pain—I hope!

We have bars and canteens on board, but there are long queues for most of the things you want to buy, but if you haven't got any money you don't have to queue.

Apart from boat drill and fatigues we do little but eat, smoke and play. Fancy paying to go on a cruise!

LORRY MEETS MINE

An Army lorry met a stray land-mine in the Desert, with the result that Bombdr. T. Gibbon, R.H.A., now writes from hospital to his parents at Avemore Road, Liverpool:

I am writing this left-handed, as my right is still out of action. It was just a bit of bad luck that I landed in hospital.

We were going along nicely in the Desert when our lorry hit a stray land-mine, with the result that the lorry went up in flames. Sitting in front, I caught a "packet," but it would have been worse if the chaps at the back had not dragged me out.

I got burned on both legs, hands, face and back of my head, but, don't worry, I am getting along fine, and I will soon be as good as new.

After only three weeks in hospital my left hand is better and my face and legs practically healed. We are treated very well in hospital, and my only complaint is that I am "browned off" with staying in bed.

FROM GLOUCESTER

War leads to many meetings in strange places. How two Gloucester men who had not seen each other for years met in the Middle East is told by A.C.2 N. Lippett, R.A.F., in a letter to his parents at Painswick, Stroud, Gloucester:

I was standing in the N.A.A.F.I. bar wondering whether I should part with five of my last ten piastres for a glass of Wog beer, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a voice calling me "Young Norman."

It was Tom—and after all these years. Were we pleased to see each other, and how we talked! Unfortunately, we had only that one evening together, as he had to move on next day.

Yes, tell Hylda that there are plenty of natives in these parts, also bags of camels. You have seen them in the Zoo, so I won't describe them in detail. They are the animals with a hump.

A camel costs about £30, so I shall not be buying one to send home—at least, not this week.

A small fire and a few pans is all they need to have piping hot food ready in no time

I HAVE before me a document from a *blitzed* town.

It tells of a night when Nazi bombers were over in force.

All communications had been severed. Whole blocks of little homes had been reduced to waste. *And still the bombers came.*

Civil defence carried on with that quiet efficiency that has always distinguished it in the worst hours of danger.

Fires were fought down, homeless families rallied, transport arranged for their evacuation.

Already on the Job

But there was work for women's hands.

And an official who raced to a building with the mysterious letters "W.V.S." over the door found that the members of the local Women's Volunteer Service had already rallied to do it.

Mothers and their children were diverted to five local schools.

People suffering from shock and minor injuries were sorted out for skilled attention—the rest fed with as little fuss as if they had been attending some gala.

IS IT SINFUL

★ *Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*

THERE seems to be no limit to the affection which men and women feel for a horse, a dog, or a cat. It may not be rational but it is certainly human. The man who wrote the following letter asks a question which has been asked many times by animal lovers.

"I have wanted to write to you for some time," *he says*, "but have kept putting it off for fear you should think me a fool. But now I shall have to tell someone or else I shall go mad.

"Some time ago I lost my little pal—my dog—and it has affected me deeply. I have stood by the grave and seen relatives and friends buried with far less emotion than I felt for my little friend. Since then I have not ceased to grieve for him.

"I have been told that dogs, like humans, have an after-life and that I shall see my pal again. If I could believe this is true I should grieve less.

"My wife tells me that it is sinful to mourn over a dumb animal when there is so much human suffering in the world; but I cannot help it. Please tell me what you think about it."

One cannot help feeling sympathy for a man who is so obviously suffering, and

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

GANGS of ten men were putting up camp huts at the rate of one in a day and a half. They were then offered a special time bonus, and the huts went up in half the time.—A. James, Bristol.

★ ★ ★

One firm pays its fire-guards 15s. a night, and deducts expenses from income tax. My firm employs night watchmen at £4 a week, but I have to watch another firm's property for 3s. nightly! What a scheme!—J. S., Gladesmore Road, N.15.

★ ★ ★

Thousands of pounds' worth of damage is done by demolition squads clearing blitzed property. Whole staircases, cupboards, mantelpieces and other fixtures are hacked to pieces with sledge-hammer and crowbar.—E. Vincent, Taunton, Somerset.

★ ★ ★

Crows are being shot by hundreds and sold as they fall at 1½d. each. Yet I had to pay 1s. for one in Glasgow recently.—I. M. Brown, Bank Street, Glasgow.

★ ★ ★

Churches and chapels with small congregations could save thousands of tons of fuel this winter by having combined services at one place. Two-thirds could be kept closed in rota.—W. Corah, Drybrook, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

Why are Army vehicles exempt from the Immobilisation Order? A Service driver can leave his vehicle for hours, maybe loaded with war equipment, all ready for the first Fifth Columnist to drive away. Yet a civilian is fined for leaving an empty car not immobilised.—"Disgusted," Prescot, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

Since filling an official Post Office claim for a lost parcel I have had seven separate notices that "the matter is receiving attention."—E. G., Highgate, London, N.

WOMEN AT WAR

By MAURICE FAGENCE

Meal at Any Time is Their Motto

Hot drinks were rushed to the firemen as they fought the flames.

One woman member turned up later than the rest—she had had to stop to rescue her own little child from the ruins of their home.

Then she weighed in with the rest.

By morning mobile kitchens were steaming good cheer for a thousand homeless people.

And that wasn't all. Oil stoves, water buckets and other appliances were distributed to make a resumption of domestic life possible in homes that could still be occupied.

All through the night, and late into the next day, the women of the W.V.S. toiled.

And when everybody else had been fed, *they* sought food. When everybody else had had rest, *they* had rest.

That's a true story of one town.

I could tell equally true stories of scores of towns.

For they are the heroines of the small villages and little streets, these million or more members of the W.V.S.

Most of them are married women with families, exempt from full-time war jobs in industry and the Services because of their domestic responsibilities.

And they are happy to consider themselves the *real* women's Home Guard.

Not that they seek a fighting job, these women of the neat grey-green coats and skirts and burgundy blouses.

They know that if ever we are *all* fighters, hunger will go unappeased, wounds untended, the sick uncared for, the fears of little children unallayed.

They've found so much to do in the war years.

It was they who helped the Ministry of Health to get hundreds of thousands of children to places of safety before the bombing started.

They succoured the homeless and destitute after the raids.

They have stored our emergency food supplies in secret places—and are still doing it.

Never a Complaint

Some of them are doing work about which, for security reasons, I can tell you nothing.

They haven't told their own families.

They work for the Ministries of Food, Education, Agriculture and others beside.

They are always being found new jobs—jobs which grow "stickier" month by month. And they never complain.

They take their place in the story of Dunkirk.

Thousands of our boys—wounded, sick, dispirited about a retreat that was none of their fault, stunned by unprecedented dive-bombing—remember the strange peace and happiness of their first hours back in Blighty.

The food, drink, clothing and comfort they were given—often enough from women old enough to be their mothers—is something they probably never associated with the W.V.S.

Many of those women have left the Service since those days.

They have said good-bye to growing children for a time to do full-time work in the war factories, or don khaki or blue to cook for the lads in uniform.

But new recruits pour in—just as ready for hard work and sacrifice, although they must now be content with an armlet instead of those neat near-uniforms the W.V.S. used to sport.

Hundreds of thousands of them are learning how to do simple repairs to household goods.

That frees village or suburban handymen for more important and skilful work against Hitler.

And, by reducing the demand for new goods, it enables us to produce more war weapons for our fighting men—and Russia.

Ready for Anything

They are learning how to handle the new fire-bombs, render first-aid to those injured in the raids, prepare food for hundreds at moment's of great crisis, and help organise their districts in case of invasion.

Your good W.V.S. is ready for anything.

They keep hot water handy for wounds, cold for the extinguishing of fires, bandages for the wounded, beds for the sick.

They act as guides in the worst *blitzes*, taking the destitute to rest centres.

They rush bread from the bakeries before dawn breaks on some scene of desolation that has resulted from a raid.

And once, before such a grim breakfast-time, they had served 25,000 emergency meals—and worked right on to provide 2,500 extra meals to the workmen amid the smoking ruins.

But what they have done will be nothing to the duties that will fall to them in the event of invasion. . . .

Their Own Linen

So remember, when you see women of the W.V.S.—whether they wear their grey-green coats and hats or the simple arm-band dictated by economy—that here are the women who are not going to be stopped by inescapable home duties from joining in the long pull and strong pull that is going to be Hitler's undoing.

Thousands have torn up their bedsheets, surrendered their blankets, for the wounded. You know what that means to a woman when replacement is so difficult!

Many must, in consequence, sleep under overcoats and rugs on the coldest nights of winter, never for a moment considering that their sacrifice was not worth while.

MERCHANT NAVY SURPRISE FOR THE QUEEN

RECENTLY the Queen was conducted over a typical cargo ship. In the captain's cabin she saw a photograph of a group of children. The conversation then went something like this:

Queen: Oh, what a jolly lot of children, Captain.

Captain: Yes, Ma'am, and all my own.

Queen: What! Sixteen children?

Captain: Yes, Ma'am, and all mine—that is to say, ours. In short, the ship's.

★ ★ ★

In this way the Queen came first-hand upon what the Ship Adoption scheme actually is and how it works.

When a school adopts a ship the boys and girls each adopt a seaman. They write regularly to him and he generally answers them. His letters come from all over the world.

The Captain told the Queen that this link with the children of England was one of the greatest joys he and his crew had on that particularly bitter sort of active service known as convoy.

Crews of most ships also receive comforts from their adopted children—socks, mufflers, and other knitted garments, and books and magazines. Some have photographs of their "child" in the forecastle, some school groups.

In Peckham there is a school which adopted the *Empire Franklin* at the height of the blitz. The children of this school—many of them have lost their homes—are organised for many war time activities.

★ ★ ★

They have a salvage committee, work for the Red Cross, act as runners or messengers to local A.R.P. organizations, keep allotments, and through their savings group have saved hundreds of pounds.

And most of their pocket money goes on materials to make comforts for their sailor friends.

Last Christmas the Fifth Form made Christmas puddings for the *Empire Franklin*. This year they are already thinking up a Christmas treat for the men whom they have never seen yet know so intimately.

TO MOURN DUMB ANIMALS?

the danger is that his loss may become an obsession.

Reading his letter reminded me of a story by the late Stacy Aumonier called "The Great Unimpressionable." It describes a village postman who went through incredible adventures in the last war, but the only time he was really moved was when he heard of the death of his terrier.

He went to India, Egypt, Salonica, the Holy Land and France; he was under fire for days on end; he was buried alive; torpedoed; given up for dead in a hospital.

None of these experiences made any sort of impression on him. But the death of "Toffee" seemed like the end of the world.

Is it possible that a dog has another life after death?

Some of my spiritualist friends are sure of it; they tell me that ghosts of dogs have been seen. But it is not possible for me to assert or deny the probability.

It appears to me that the arguments used for human survival after bodily death can be applied equally well to animals; but these, in themselves, do not constitute a proof. I don't think the supernatural arguments are usually applied to animals.

When I was a small boy I was given a pious book which began like this:

Has a man got a soul? Yes. Has a dog got a soul? No.

I always felt that was unjust! No doubt some of my older readers will recollect the book.

SEVERAL weeks ago I invited opinions about the subject of children swearing, and it took me a long time to read them.

One reader suggested the old method of putting a penny in the missionary-box for every oath used; but I'm afraid some men would be bankrupt in a very short time.

Another suggested substituting harmless words like "dash" and "blow" as a remedy; but a third thought these were just as sinful as the words they replace.

My own feeling is that they are just as meaningless—merely methods of emphasis—and perhaps a little less honest.

THIS WEEK'S PROBLEM FOR HUMANIST

Here is one of the many letters received:

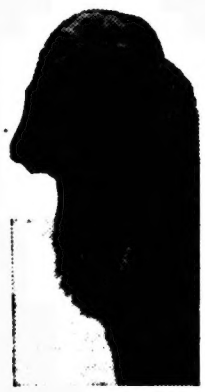
"There seems to be a growing tendency to treat childish pranks as criminal," *writes a mother.* "If people only remembered the things they did in early days we should hear less about the demand for more 'approved' schools.

"The mischief children do to-day has been done by children for generations. In fact, the modern child does not do half what we did when I was young.

"As for bad language, I find that by taking no notice the habit is dropped as soon as the novelty wears off.

"Our young boys and girls, for all their casual ways, are not lacking in the right spirit; and if the right instinct is there they won't go far wrong. There is a mixture of good and bad in all of us, but we are too fond of stressing the evil and overlooking the good.

"Well, Humanist, my friends are shocked by what I say, and I expect these opinions will bring the house down on me, but I stick to it.



When dogs look like this it must be a very hard human heart that does not melt

"There were six younger than myself when I was left to look after them at the age of fourteen, and I have had five children of my own.

"All my brothers and sisters turned out well in spite of all the predictions to the contrary. My husband had a terrible reputation as a lad, but he has outgrown it.

"Anyway, who wants a 'nice little boy or girl who never does anything wrong?"

LIVING IN YOUR MIND

WE live in our mind so it's just as well to have something pleasant there, something to help us in Life's hard hours, something to soothe each care, something to hold to when things go slack to refresh us when we are tired, something to urge us on when we lose the goal which our heart desired.

WE live in our mind so it's just as well not to litter it up with trash, nor to fill it with doubts and imaginary fears of panic that things will crash. Not to lend it out as a storehouse for scandal and gossipy news, it's better to fit it with windows of light from which we can get new views.

WE live in our mind but it's a living death without God as our Sacred Guest, for without His Presence we never know the real meaning of peace and rest, and should ill-health put us on Life's rack, it's like being shut in a tomb, unless the Light of God's Wonderful Love stays beside us in our Mind's Room.

J. M.

RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY OF CHAIN FAME

COASTER HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

for natural pedalling

GOOD Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

Best Value for Money—Best Value for Coupons!

"Walters' Palm" Toffee

Control Price 5d. per qtr.

DELIGHTS · STRENGTHENS · SUSTAINS

TIM SAVES THE RATIONS

"They're grumbling that their rations are mouse-handled again. . . . These people expect me to be on duty twenty-four hours a day."

"TIBS! They've remembered me at last! They've given me my rations, now I'll protect theirs."

2 WEEKS LATER

"Mistress says I'm a credit to the house 'cause I've mopped up every mouse!"

TIBS

'TIBS' are tasteless in the cats' food. From all chemists and corn merchants, 7d. for 9, or 1/1 for 21.

100 PURRS IN EVERY PACKET

A product of Bob Martin Ltd. Southport

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H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER

The ring of her dreams!

It's the famous H. Samuel Lucky "Victory" Wedding Ring, handmade in solid 9-ct. gold, Government Hallmarked and priced by weight.

99 BRANCHES Headquarters: Market Street, Manchester, 1.

FALSE TEETH

Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly*. Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

LAST LAUGH

BOB (Mill Hill).—"I am not such a big fool as I was once." And do you blame rationing?

A. G. (Manchester).—"When I read too much, I get a pain in my neck." Why don't you buy a newspaper of your own?

PIP (Wrexham).—"I want to marry, but I must make money first." And after you marry you'll have to make money last.

SPINSTER (Leeds).—"I am not a spinster because I have had no chances." It is simply that you don't believe in taking chances?

P. P. (Totnes).—"A sweep's wife can't afford to be too particular." She is easily sooted.

W. N. (Oxford).—"Butter is now rationed in Ireland." It is things like this that make the inhabitants realise there's a peace on.

G. K. (Walsall).—"To make a woman smile a man must have personality." Or a camera.

G. N. (Kew).—"According to a U.S. newspaper, when Hitler makes a speech it is read to him next day by a secretary." So he does know what he has been talking about.

G. K. (Guildford).—"Labour Congress advocates that education should be more democratic." Well, after the war cigarettes will probably be cheaper, thus putting cigarette card tuition within the reach of all.

W. K. (Norwich).—The theatre-going public attending a first night often disagree with the dramatic critics as to whether the piece is worth seeing." And sometimes, even if the dramatic critics are worth seeing.

T. T. (Rye).—"There are no meteorological forecasts nowadays, but my neighbour is uncannily correct in his weather predictions." He must have a very reliable set of rheumatic twinges.

R. T. (Tiverton).—"I am one of the few nobody needs in war time." Peace maker?

E. E. (Wakefield).—"You can't keep a man a prisoner merely by making a bolt." You have to make doubly sure that he can't make a bolt.

H. H. (Gloucester).—"You can't always tell a woman has a secret sorrow by just looking at her." But you can by listening to her.

N. C. (Prestwick).—"When the wife told me that two rats were in the coal cellar, do you know what I did?" Locked yourself in the attic?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"This war's a lot different from the last one, Cyril, but I reckon your branch of the Service is about the same."

Side-Slips

EVENING GAZETTE.—"It was alleged that when he did eventually report, he told another FIRE-WATER that he was going home to change."

EXPRESS AND STAR.—". . . both of Dudley, were each fined £3, at Tipton to-day for DRINKING GLASSES, value 1s. 6d., from the —— Inn."

THE BATLEY NEWS.—"Losses sustained by the *Luftwaffe* will necessitate the withdrawal of more machines and CROWS from Russia."

THE LUDLOW ADVERTISER.—". . . two ladies' costumes, and one dozen pairs of gentlemen's SACKS."

EVENING STANDARD.—"In each raid for ALMS and suspects, important information is falling into the hands of the police."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Prior to the war the father of these bright lads was able to maintain his wife and five children in comparative comfort.

Alfred Larke joined the Army in 1940, but after serving a short time had an accident to his right hand. Later, severe foot trouble developed, and he was discharged. Since leaving the Army he has been well enough to work for only four weeks. His wife is still struggling to maintain the home and feed the family on the usual meagre State allowance.

He has not been able to obtain a pension for the disabilities which he feels were brought on through war service.

Will you please send a donation, earmarked "Gunner," to aid this man, who is experiencing extreme hardship owing to ill-health.

Donations for this case, or for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, E4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. We tender our sincere thanks to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the *War Charities Act*, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund*."

FIRST PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,344

A. R. Tennant, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham, for this "Bullet":—

OF NO IMPORTANCE "UNDER-DOGS," UNDER NAZI "HOUNDS."

£20: D. Rootkin, Palmers Farm, Layer Marney, Kelvedon, Essex. Listen To Stock And—Hear "Quick! Quick!" To-day.

£10: W. E. Foxall, 13, Roslyn Ave., Westdale Lane, Gedling, Notts. Beginning To Feel—Hunted, Not Hunter—Hun.

£5: Mrs. K. Ward, 78, Hartlepool Rd., Coventry. No More Blind—Alleys, Unless Allies Blind.

£4: F. Gilderson, 8, Southern Rd., Bournemouth. Beginning To Elect—Victory's "Fruits," Despite "Frosts."

£3: Mrs. A. E. Taylor, 4a, Morice Sq., Devonport. What We Do—Gribbles—Grumble—Curse—Volunteer!

DON'T MISS THIS WEEK'S EXTRA PRIZES!

£2: N. J. Pinlock, 96, Hartley Down, Purley. Deeds Not Words—Whitehall "Storming" The Five-thirty!

£1a.: M. M. Horn, Gilling Rd., Richmond, Yorks. Raised Our Hopes—Hair Glazes—Hair Sooty!

£1a.: E. Davidson, Scotsdale, 7, Eastgate, Beverley. Dad's Plan For Peace—Then Cradle's "Dictator" Yelled!

£1a.: E. H. Bird, Seascape Hotel, Torquay. To Keep Going—Over Things, "Sarmounts" Nothing.

£1a.: Spr. C. J. Matthews, c/o Orchard Cott., Dulverton, Som. Hitting At Germany—Beats "Hibbing" At Bungay.

£1a.: W. B. Courtney, 12, Norbury Court Rd., Norbury, S.W.16. War-time Miracle—Dad's Allotment, Despite Blasphemy!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 296

WINNING WORDS: 1. Chain. 2. Loyal. 3. Corn. 4. Glen. 5. Crown. 6. Gun. 7. Cheese. 8. Court. 9. Fur. 10. Chine. 11. Rain. 12. Riot. 13. Flies. 14. Chew.

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H. Croft, The Haven, Ramsalow, Letchworth, Herts.

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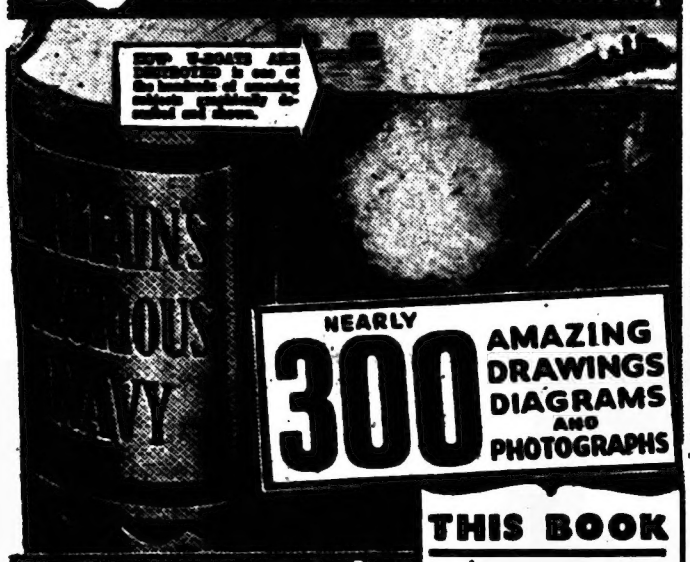

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PRIZES VALUE £100 1st PRIZE RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 296, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and post coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bulls 10-MINUTE X WORD No 300

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col	3p	3p	3p
1	IF SYMPATHY TAKES THIS FORM IT REALLY HELPS	D E E			
2	ANTICS OF YOUNG ONE CAN PROVE HIGHLY ENTERTAINING	L M B			
3	IS SOMETIMES USED FOR COOKING	B E E			
4	MANY AN OLD-FASHIONED HUSBAND EXPECTS WIFE TO DO THIS	E N D			
5	IS WORSE THAN USELESS UNLESS IT FITS CASE WELL	L I			
6	WHEN RECRUIT SHOOTS BADLY, INSTRUCTOR SHOULD TRY TO CORRECT	I M			
7	PLENTY OF SCHOOLBOYS WOULDN'T RECOGNISE GLADSTONE AS	B G			
8	LINE IS REQUIRED FOR THIS OF GROUND	M A R I N G			
9	MAKES DIRTY GAME ALL THE DIRTIER	R I N			
10	APT TO FALL OUT AS YEARS GO BY	A I R			
11	IS COMMONLY ACCIDENTAL	F L A			
12	BELL MAY COME IN USEFUL FOR THIS	D I I N G			
13	WHEN SPEAKER'S THIS IS OBVIOUS, AUDIENCE IS LIKELY TO BE MOVED	G S T			
14	OCCASIONALLY HELPS YOU OUT OF WOOD	S I L E			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Nov.14

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, NOV. 2

Signed .....

Address .....

300.

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8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

XMAS XTRA

EXTRA PRIZE ARRIVING XMAS DAY FOR ALL CASH WINNERS IN THIS WEEK'S BULLETS & X WORDS!

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross/ & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service unit indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for BULLETS

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FIRST PRIZE £50 FOR 23-4 WORDS

OTHER AWARDS £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Ipy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 13.

HITLER FORGOT
COMMON-SENSE DEMANDS
THE MINERS
TO WIN THE WAR
AMONG THE PEOPLE
VICHY GOVERNMENT
STILL GOING ON
JOHN CITIZEN'S BURDEN
GOING WITHOUT
SHOWS HE'S AFRAID
COLD COMFORT
NO LONGER

BULLETS 1,344 RESULT appears on page 14

SHE'S ONLY A GIRL, BUT
THE JOKE IS
DAD'S ONIONS
HE CHANGED HIS PLANS
AND
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
TO START WITH
CHAMPION OPTIMIST
IF LOOKS COULD KILL

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

FIRST OF THE .....
EASY TO .....
READY FOR .....
OFF TO THE .....
SPENT ON .....
HOUR OF .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated November 14.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,348 Monday, Nov. 2.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,348—or Xword No. 300 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Potato County Championship!

Can the women of Somerset make better dishes than Kentish women? Can Devon cooks go one up on the Cornish Pasty? Lancashire Hot-Pot is praised the world over, but what can the women of Surrey or Hampshire do with potatoes? Lancashire challenges you with this Hot-Pot recipe. It was brought to London by Mrs. Taylor of Oldham, one of the experienced housewives invited to come from different parts of the country to visit the Ministry's kitchen in London to exchange ideas. You too can help. Housewives, and husbands too, now is your chance to win honour for your county. Send in your best potato recipe, preferably a main-course dish, to the Ministry of Food.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

(From Suffolk)

Cooking time: ¾ hour. **Ingredients:** 2 lb. potatoes, 1 pint milk and water or household milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, 4-6 oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls coarsely chopped parsley. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Method:** Scrape potatoes and cut into thin slices, blend flour with the milk, arrange potatoes in layers in a pie-dish, sprinkling each layer thickly with cheese, season with salt and pepper, moisten with milk. Finish with a layer of cheese, pour over the remaining milk and cover with a lid or greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven for ¾ hour. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, serve with green vegetable or salad.

Lancashire Hot-Pot

Cooking time: 1½ to 2 hours. *Ingredients:* ¾ lb. meat, 2 carrots, 1 onion or leek, if possible, 3 lb. potatoes, ½ pint vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoonful fat from the meat or dripping, 1 dessertspoonful flour, pepper and salt. *Quantity:* Six helpings. *Method:* Cut up meat into small pieces and place in a fireproof dish or casserole. Add sliced carrots and onion or leek, and pepper and salt. Add half the potatoes. Instead of slicing potatoes crack off lumps with a knife. Place the fat from the meat or the dripping on top. Put in a moderate oven with lid on for half an hour. Take out, add stock, blend 1 dessertspoonful flour in a little water, pour into casserole. Add remainder of potatoes and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook in a moderate oven. Remove the lid for the last 20 minutes and cook until the potatoes are brown.

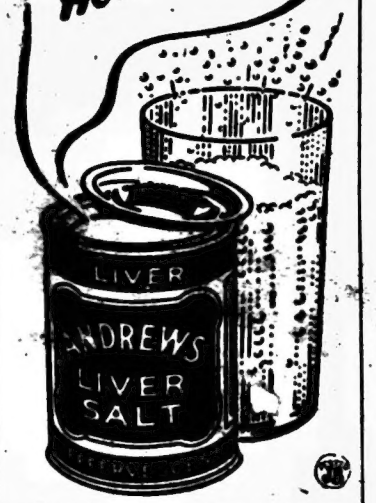
Baked Potatoes

When you have the oven on for baking day pop in some potatoes too. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. When they break under gentle pressure they are ready.

FOOD FACTS NO. 119. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

TAKE CARE OF HEALTH

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS is the first Health rule



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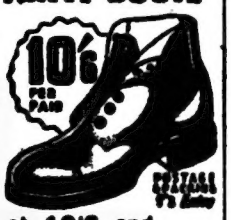

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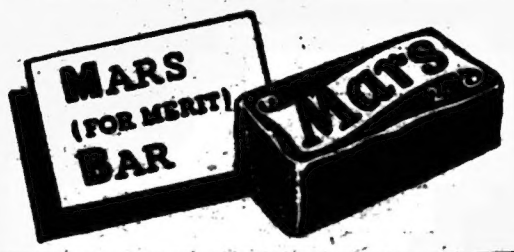

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